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THE TWO CHIEFS.

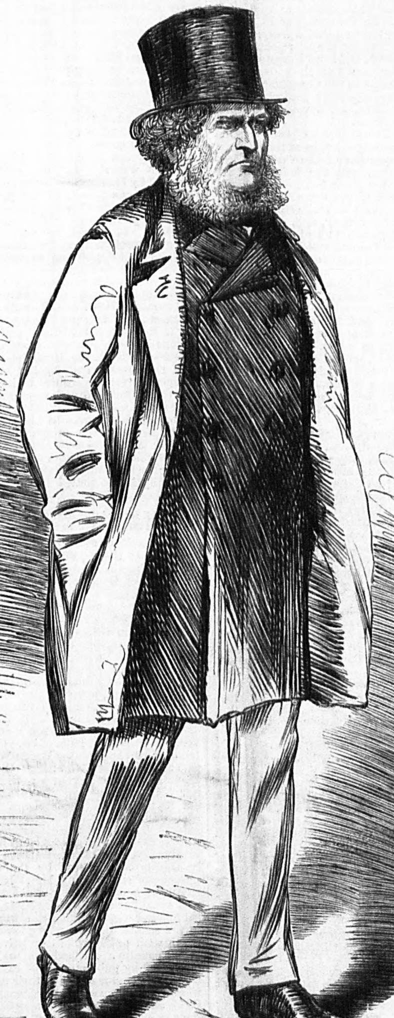
When we resolved the other day to devote a pictorial page to the memory of Lord and Lady Palmerston, we little thought that the paper in which we printed it would contain the portrait of the *late* Lord Derby.

The somewhat unseemly diurnal announcements of Lord Derby's critical state of health had not then commenced. That craving for news which seems to overcome the better feelings of modern newspaper editors had not set in operation that death race, the progress of which has been reported every morning in the daily papers. The Press of England had almost grown impatient of the poor Earl's strength. To read the telegraphic reports, it seemed as if the sufferer *would* not die. The *Times*, anxious to be ahead of its tiresome rivals, the active pennies, announced the Earl's death before the breath was out of his body. His obituary memoir was actually in type and ready for the press. The columns in which it was to appear were yawning until the last moment for printing to begin—yawning like a grave, dug in advance, for a plague-stricken mortal. A review of "L' Homme qui Rit" had to fill up the gap. Lord Derby persisted in lingering on; so Victor Hugo's new story had to take the place of his obituary memoir. The great Englishman would not give in to the lean fellow who conquers conquerors, and the impatient *Times* was compelled to fill up its death space with an attack on the great French novelist.

And we who are trying to give illustrated modern history have been called upon to supplement the pictorial story of Lord Palmerston with a sketch of his great rival. They were grand specimens of the Anglo Saxon race, both; rare examples of English character, of English intellect, of English courage. With men like these at the head of the State there was no occasion to fear for our national honour. Only once in his life did Lord Palmerston waver in his English pride, and then it was out of sympathy for a persecuted monarch who has the strongest personal regard for this country. "The Conspiracy to Murder Bill" for a brief period clouded the glory of Lord Palmerston; but he learnt the lesson which it pointed and sinned no more. Upon no occasion did Lord Derby shrink from the responsibility of upholding the liberties and the reputation of his country; and now that he is gone Radicals and Tories, Liberals and Conservatives, are subscribing their tributes to his memory side by side.

The names of the two chiefs will go down to posterity, the greatest names of the age in which they lived, the names of rival leaders of rival parties, but leaders of whom both sides are equally proud. The two chiefs were Englishmen, heart and soul. If they differed upon political questions, they had only one end in view—the honour and glory of their common country.

Although he has died full of years, Lord Derby is mourned with heartfelt grief by the nation. In these days of social and political revolution, we can ill afford to lose men whose disinterested patriotism and true nobility have received the Hall-mark of Public Opinion.



THE LATE EARL OF DERBY.

Lord Palmerston may be said to have interpreted in his policy the feelings of the great middle classes of England. Lord Derby's instincts, while equally patriotic, were with the great aristocratic party. The two chiefs are no more. They leave behind them Lord Stanley, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Russell, Benjamin Disraeli, and John Bright. A kind Providence shuts out the future in impenetrable mists. We can only hope that the present and future chiefs of political parties will mould their actions upon the noblest characteristics of the great men whose memories we have striven to honour in these pages.

DEATH OF LORD DERBY.

After several weeks of intense suffering the Earl of Derby died at Knowsley on Saturday morning shortly after seven o'clock, in his seventy-first year. To write the life of Lord Derby, as the *Standard* truly says, would be to write the history of England for the last forty years.

The Earl of Derby, fourteenth of his line, was born at the family seat of Knowsley, on the 29th of March, 1799. With the exception of the Shrewsbury earldom, the Derby title is the oldest on the earls' roll: it was won on the field of Bosworth, when the timely aid of Sir John Stanley gained the battle, and with it the kingdom for the Earl of Richmond. The family dates back as far as the reign of Edward III., when in 1375 a fortunate marriage of a Stanley laid the foundation of the splendid fortunes of his line. Since then the name of Stanley has run like a silver thread through the whole web of English history, though the glory and splendour of their race culminated in the last possessor of the coronet. He went through the usual course of public school and university education. He was educated at Eton, and from thence he proceeded in due course to Christ Church, Oxford, which has been the nursing-mother of many eminent men of this generation. Both at Eton and at Oxford he distinguished himself as an elegant scholar. In 1819 he obtained the University prize for the best Latin poem. He did not, however, otherwise take high honours. It is said that he declined to compete for those prizes which are usually regarded as the crowning glory of an academical career; but that his scholarship was both profound and extensive, enabling him to penetrate the spirit of the great masters of antiquity, his subsequent translations abundantly attest.

Even those who in his lifetime opposed him with all the ardour of party rancour admit that he was the most versatile politician of our time, and as a debater more than a match in his best days for any adversary. The fame of his encounters with O'Connell in his earlier years will long survive; while in more recent years, and until his voice grew thin and husky, a speech of his in the House of Lords was always a marvellous feat, and stamped him as the first of our orators. It was not in mastery of his own language alone that he excelled. His translations from foreign and classical languages would deserve to be remembered even if he had no other title to a splendid repute. If further proof of his many-sidedness were needed, there is evidence of it in the little volume of Conversations on the Parables, which, as a young man, he wrote for children; and in the further facts that he began life as an ardent Whig, that he passed into a Tory, and that he ended his political career by using all his power to pass a Radical measure of Parliamentary Reform. In nearly all these undertakings he stands out to view with a marked love of combat. He had a strong fighting instinct, and did not much care what odds he had to contend against. He undertook to administer the Government of England on three several occasions with immense majorities against him; his delight in the *Iliad*, which he translated, was as much because of the din of battle which pervades it as for the grand style in which the battle is described; and his devotion to the Turf was but one more token of his love of contest. These fighting qualities, conjoined to much brilliancy of manner, a renowned lineage, and great estates, commanded the confidence of a powerful party, even though few victories attended his leadership, and though, notwithstanding his genial social faculty, he kept his followers generally at a distance. In this latter respect there was a contrast between him and his chief rival, Lord Palmerston—both of them eminently sociable men. Every firm adherent of Lord Palmerston's could boast of a friendly word, perhaps a familiar conversation with his chief, while the rank and file of the Tories could make no such boast of the privileges they enjoyed in Lord Derby's company. In spite of these defects he won the fidelity, the admiration, and even the affection of no mean following, through the manliness of his character, which helped to conceal recklessness of policy and want of political foresight.

Lord Derby owed a great deal, as regarded his education, to his step-grandmother, who, as Miss Farren, was a very clever actress of high comedy, with not a little distinction of manner, and she bestowed great care on the elocution of the future statesman. As a youth he might excel in recitations, but he was chiefly remarkable for his love of sport, for his restlessness, for his impulsiveness, and for his scholarship. His career at Christ Church was distinguished, though he left the University without taking a degree. Why he did so it is difficult to understand, as he had great confidence in himself, and never feared a contest of any kind. Among other facts to be mentioned to his honour, it may be stated that he won the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse, the subject being *Syracuse*.

Entering Parliament in 1821 as Member for the Hampshire borough of Stockbridge (disfranchised by the Reform Bill) Mr. Stanley did not make his maiden speech until 1824, when he spoke with such remarkable clearness and ability as to earn for himself a high compliment from Sir James Mackintosh. Mr. Stanley, however, made a still more striking display of oratorical power in speaking somewhat later on a motion of Joseph Hume's with regard to the Irish Church. This speech, however, did not so well please his political friends, inasmuch as he declared himself unable to support Hume's proposition, which declared "that it is expedient to enquire whether the present Church Establishment in Ireland be not more than commensurate to the service to be performed, both as regards the number of persons employed and the incomes they receive." It is interesting to note that while Mr. Stanley voted against this motion, Lord John Russell voted in favour of it; and that, whereas Lord Russell has now lived to see the policy which he recommended carried out, the last public act of Lord Derby was to protest vehemently against a measure which, when presented to him in the bud five-and-forty years before, it was almost his first public act to resist.

In the interval between this period and the time when he accepted office under Lord Goderich's short-lived administration as Under-Secretary of the Colonies, Mr. Stanley travelled a good deal, visited the United States in company with the present Speaker and the late Lord Taunton, married, and built himself a house upon one of his grandfather's estates in Ireland, where he is described (by an adversary, however) as living "in a style very uncongenial to all Irish notions of living; holding no intercourse with the gentry, but pacing rapidly along the high road with a slouched hat and a thick staff, and known among the peasants as the 'odd gentleman from England.'" At the same time he changed his seat in Parliament from Stockbridge to Preston. He made himself unpopular with the Preston people by refusing to subscribe to their races on the ground that "it was no part of his Parliamentary duties." Therefore, when he was appointed to the Under-Secretaryship of the Colonies in Lord Goderich's Administration, and when he applied to his constituents for re-election, he was opposed, and that successfully, by Henry Hunt, better known as Orator Hunt. The family were very angry; the old earl pulled down his mansion in the town, which he would never enter again; and it may be supposed that his disappointment did not make young Stanley less eager than before for Parliamentary Reform. Another seat was found for him at Windsor, where Sir Hussey Vivian retired in his favour. It may here be added that he sat for Windsor till 1832; that then he was elected for North Lancashire; and that he continued to represent that constituency till he went to the House of Lords. He made his chief mark as an orator when he was Secretary for Ireland under Lord Grey, and when the people demanded Parliamentary Reform. At this time he was so enthusiastic that he was ready in a moment to harangue a multitude. Up he would get on a chair or a table, and send forth a torrent of declamation that carried all before it. In the House of Commons he was naturally more restrained.

Nothing was more remarkable than the contrast between the man and the orator. In private he was playful as a kitten, restless as a child, and one might wonder how such a big boy could ever be a sober statesman. On the other hand, when he got up to speak he was collected and calm, at least as calm as any one can be in the passion of oratory, and there was, with all its boyish glee, an unexpected stateliness and rhythm in his style and fashion of address. Then, again, when he sat down—we are speaking of his earlier days—he would relapse into restlessness, now resting his feet in queer places, perhaps on a table, and now suddenly, as he felt the blow from an adversary, curling them under his seat.

O'Connell, though the greatest master at nicknames which the country has produced—a power which he was not slow to exercise, and many of which have ever since become inseparably attached to the unlucky persons on whom he bestowed them—could find no more bitter name for his opponent than "Scorpion Stanley"—a name which may be supposed to indicate how bitingly his opponent had felt his sting, though, of course, O'Connell wished it to be understood as implying the injury done to his country. The rage thus manifested by the Irish agitator was warmly taken up by his partisans both in Ireland and England, and from that time onward Mr. Stanley became the black sheep of the Whig Ministry. His measures, his speeches, his personal demeanour in the house, were all complained of. Even his attitude on the Treasury bench was criticised. It was his habit, as it has been the habit of many a minister before and since, occasionally to throw himself back on the Treasury bench and rest his feet on the edge of the clerks' table. This was made the subject of puerile complaint among the Radical members, and became the theme of some dreary mirth in certain papers. In the meantime the object of all these attacks went on his way loftily indifferent to their malice, and, perhaps, secretly delighting in the conflict with his opponents.

We need not closely follow his subsequent political career; that has been done by the daily newspapers at much greater length than we could spare space for. It is more with the history of the man than with the politician that we are concerned in these pages. We therefore content ourselves with a rapid summary of the deceased Earl's political life. Taking office in 1841 in the Conservative Ministry of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Derby continued to serve this administration until 1845, being in 1844 raised to the peerage by the change of his courtesy-title of Lord Stanley into the real title of Lord Stanley of Bickerstaffe. In 1851 he attained to the full family honours by the death of his father, the thirteenth Earl. He was Premier in 1852, with Mr. Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer; and resigned in 1852, when he was defeated on the financial policy of Mr. Disraeli. He formed his second administration in February, 1858; and in this year he became the prominent personage in the social and sporting as well as in the political world. In the spring of 1859, Lord Derby's Government introduced a Reform Bill, but on the second reading it was rejected by a majority of thirty-nine, and Lord Derby appealed to the country. The result of the general election, though favourable to the Conservatives, did not give them the necessary majority; and, being defeated in June, on a vote of want of confidence, they resigned.

His noble conduct during the distress in Lancashire earned for him the thanks of the country. In directing the formation of the Central Committee at Manchester, and the holding of the county meeting in the Free Trade Hall in the summer of 1862, the Earl of Derby took the lead in the great work. He it was who stood forth as the spokesman of the county, and, summing up the details which Mr. Farnall had collected, exhibited the extent of the evil which had befallen the poor. As he, with some of the vehemence and fire which had long before won for him the name of the "Rupert of debate," vindicated the character of his native county, and rebutted the charges of niggardliness which had been urged against landholders and millowners, he was greeted with shouts of applause from the great representative audience which listened to his fervent words. That speech he followed up by work which was its fittest supplement. Week by week he travelled from his seat at Knowsley to Manchester, and presided at the meetings of the Central Executive Committee, the parliament of the Relief movement.

Session after session at this period the spectacle of an overwhelming Liberal majority in the Lower House was constantly present to show him the hopelessness of any attempt at power, and the remembrance of all the bitter humiliations of 1852 and 1857 held him in check. He was content, therefore, to witness the unbroken success of Lord Palmerston's Ministerial career, and those brilliant financial strokes of success by which Mr. Gladstone electrified the country, with an acquiescence which, if not passive, never went the length of an open onslaught. One exception, however, there certainly was to this policy of abstinence. The bill repealing the paper duty, which passed the Commons, was thrown out by the Lords at the instance of Lord Monteagle, and the Earl of Derby joined in the fray with all that alacrity which had a dozen years before suggested to Sir E. B., now Lord, Lytton, the felicitous *soubriquet* by which the noble lord has since been known. After the Russell Government, in 1866, Lord Derby again entered office, with the great question of Reform before them. The Reform Bill passed; and with that session Lord Derby's Ministerial, and, indeed, his Parliamentary, career may be said to have ended.

Lord Derby married in his 26th year a daughter of Lord Skelmersdale, by whom he had two sons and a daughter. He had the rare happiness of seeing his eldest son attain, at almost as early an age as he had himself done before him, the ear of the House of Commons, and accounted one of its chief ornaments long before his own star had begun to decline.

Among the many honours which the Earl of Derby received, and one which through life he valued highly, was that of Chancellor of the University of Oxford, to which he was unanimously elected on the death of the Duke of Wellington, in 1852.

On our front page we engrave a characteristic portrait of the deceased Earl, from a sketch by F. Eltze. The portrait, which shows Lord Derby as he really looked, is an excellent likeness, as well as highly creditable to the artist whose work it is.

Black Country Working Mens' Clubs.—The advantages of clubs of this description combined with co-operative stores have been laid before the operatives of Tipton and the district by the Rev. H. Solly, of London. The main object of Mr. Solly's visit has been to interest the members of trade and friendly societies in removing their meetings to these club-houses, which are on the principle of that lately established in Newman-street, London.

THE HOME-LIFE OF LORD AND LADY PALMERSTON.

The recent death of Lady Palmerston, following as it did after so brief an interval from the decease of her lord, suggests a fitting subject for a joint memorial in these columns. It is not too much to say of Viscount and Viscountess Palmerston that both had become illustrious in their sphere, and that each derived from the other a certain influence which consolidated what in the later years of their married life might almost be called their *reign*. They were an instance in high places of the superadded strength to will, to do, and to conquer, which comes with a well assorted marriage. "To pull together" in wedlock is sound policy in every grade of life, and the always "happy pair" to whom we dedicate this page were a pleasant as well as a brilliant illustration of its success.

It is not intended here to enter into details of ancestry or to enlarge upon Lord Palmerston's public career. Doubtlessly, when the much-desired Diary in preparation by Sir Henry Bulwer, is published, the Press will again revert to his history in a comprehensive manner. But in a memorial, however brief, of "Palmerston," one can hardly refrain from glancing rapidly from the veteran Premier in the sunshine of an unbounded popularity, to the storms which the aspiring statesman had at times to encounter in his progress. An official training, begun early in life, and pursued with particular industry, had made the late First Minister an adept in Governmental work generally, but it was in the management of foreign affairs that Lord Palmerston "became a name" in whatever quarter of the world British interests were involved, and made his personal influence felt in the Administrations of which he was a member. His taste for intervention, and his persistent habit of asserting British influence, were characteristic of the man, and in retrospect are especially interesting in their consequences and results. Among their immediate consequences they made his tamer colleagues nervous as foreign powers waxed irritable, and often excited irritable parliamentary opposition. The high-handed Minister was also an ardent patriot, whose zeal and energy for his country—though they were often reproached in piping times of peace, and on one memorable occasion were solemnly arraigned—not only outlived the strife of opposing tongues, but were the very qualities which made him the chosen guide of the nation when it was subsequently involved in war, and its honour and prestige were at stake.

The topmost height of a statesman's laudable ambition was not, in Lord Palmerston's case, achieved by his own unaided efforts. It does not detract in one iota from the personal merit of the late Premier that his prime helper on the road to power was "the partner for him formed." It would be vain for those who are and must necessarily remain ignorant in the matter to speculate in what degree Lord Palmerston's ultimate success was due to the thorough devotion, the practical tact and ability, the potent fascination, and good influences of Lady Palmerston. How, at the crisis in his political fortunes which wrought him up to that masterly vindication of his foreign policy which has become historic, when he stood assailed and on his self-defence in the House of Commons—how then she strove, and by her true-wife's zeal brought wavering members to his side, can now be well remembered and respected; and how in after times, when, that crisis successfully passed, she lent all her powers to his aid and shared at length in the serene enjoyment of the position she had helped to strengthen, are incidents in their wedded lives which will be regarded with lasting interest and admiration by all in whom sympathy is not soured by bitter political prejudice.

"All seems infected that the infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye."

But the national affection spoke out warmly and earnestly at the death of Viscount Palmerston, and the Press has only lately echoed the genuine sentiment of the country when it declared that the fine old English lady who had been his loving helpmeet had gone to their mutual grave "admired, beloved, and universally regretted."

The picture of their home and social life has moreover a geniality which it is very pleasant to contemplate. In kindly acts, and in charitable labours too, Lady Palmerston evinced a benevolence that never wearied and a discretion remarkably sound, nor was she ever happier than in the visible happiness of others. Within the year which has seen her life close she was present at an annual festivity, given by the Viscountess Jocelyn and the Hon. Mrs. Cowper to the inmates of the Romsey Union Workhouse, and was as manifestly delighted at the enjoyment of the poor as were the poor with their entertainers; nor did her interest confine itself to the mere entertainment of the day—she made close inquiries into the manner of life of the inmates and inspected many of their apartments. The appearances of Lord Palmerston at local gatherings in Romsey, near his Broadlands seat, will long be freshly remembered by those who had the pleasure of surrounding him. No matter apparently what official duty might be in hand, he was always accessible and affable, and the natural humour which could not always be repressed in the senate was generally present in his interviews with public bodies or private individuals in the country. He had the art (how much to be desired by public men!) of extracting amusement from engagements in their nature dull and wearisome. During his presidency at the Home Office an under-secretary was railing at deputations as a bore. "Call deputations a *bore?*" observed the chief, "why, they're my *recreation!*"

One instance may be as good as many to illustrate his good humour and urbanity. A clever country mechanic having been laid on a hospital bed, and waited on by a male attendant who had a clumsy wooden leg, set at work immediately on his return home in contriving a wooden limb, which he patiently elaborated till he conceived it to be the perfection of design. Forthwith he carried it to Cambridge House, and was admitted to the presence of Lord Palmerston, who gave a courteous ear to its history. When the exhibitor had paused, his lordship smilingly remarked—"Well, it looks like a very good leg, and no doubt does you credit, but what do you want *me to do* with it? *Do you wish me to wear it?*" The pleased artist disclaimed any desire of that sort, but had thought that his lordship might perhaps kindly give him a passport to the Marquis of Anglesey, which Lord Palmerston readily did, and which procured him a polite reception and a patient hearing, and afterwards an exhibition by the Marquis of artificial legs so incomparably beyond the ideas of the countryman that the handiwork which had been his pride was suddenly abased—a despised and broken idol.

It was a pleasant duty to him in the country to preside at meetings when prizes were awarded to meritorious labourers and their wives, and he seasoned with his habitual pleasantry his good counsel on such occasions. To the wife of a cottager rewarded for the neatness of her dwelling, he once remarked—"We have been told on high authority that a good wife is a crown to her husband, but here we have an instance of one who has been worth *thirty shillings* to him!" He had always a word of commendation for servants who had continued long with their masters, and many veterans of this class still people his estate. He entered several years ago with great spirit into the important work of cottage improvement, critically examining plans and inspecting cottages in progress of building or conversion; and his example and advocacy, to which the Press gave wings, had a wide-spread influence for good. The comfortable "cottage porch" was a feature in which he took delight, and the sweet word "Home," sadly inappropriate in too many cases to the hovels of the poor, may apply at least to the dwellings of the labourers on the estate of the late Lord Palmerston.

Broadlands, the late Premier's favourite seat, was for many years seldom free from visitors from all parts of Europe. Ambassadors from foreign Courts, distinguished strangers from the Continent, and most of our own leading men, all went to Broadlands to see the English Minister, who was apparently never so happy as when he was surrounded by a host of visitors. The Marquis d'Azeglio, then the Sardinian Minister to the Court of St. James's, was a frequent guest; and at Christmas time it was quite a sight to see the "family party" from Broadlands drive through the quiet streets of the little, old-fashioned Hampshire town on their way to morning service at Romsey Abbey Church. The Palmerstons had a large, comfortable-looking seat—the most extensive in the church—near the altar end of the venerable edifice. Warm-coloured drab curtains concealed the great people from over-curious eyes, except when the congregation stood up; and then it was odd to find everybody turning, not to the clergyman, but more, we fear, to Lord Palmerston's seat, where you could see the grand old white-headed Political chief, prayer-book in hand, and, if you were close enough, hear him making the responses in a sonorous tone, like any other "fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time." They always came up to morning service, these distinguished personages; it was rarely that they were present in the afternoon or evening, though some of the ladies of the Palmerston household frequently attended afternoon service with the children, who have since grown into men and women. The charming Lady Jocelyn, and her no less charming daughters, were invariably pointed out by the townspeople as types of English beauty and aristocratic girl and womanhood. The Premier, as everybody is aware, was an indefatigable worker. Every day when he was at Broadlands and in office a messenger came down from London with despatches for his lordship, who answered the majority of his letters himself, in the fine Roman hand which young men of the Civil Service have found ere now to be one of the best models to satisfy the examiners. He worked six or eight hours a day, standing up in his study, never sitting down, to write, and "knocking off" his correspondence with all the vigour and promptitude of a hard-working attorney's clerk. Afterwards, and having perhaps dined with his lady more frugally than many young people do who have but a couple of hundred a year upon which to exist, "Pam" would mount his horse, and take a ride, gallop one day over to Winchester, near to which James Goater has his stables; another day to Danebury, where "old John Day," that trainer *par excellence*, probably had one or two of Lord Palmerston's horses to look after. A genuine lover of sport for its own sake, apart from the petty jealousies and rivalries of turfites, the noble lord had always a string of horses either in his own stables or in those of his trainers that were locally, at least, celebrated for speed and blood. The Premier was wont to ride sometimes thirty or forty, or even more, miles a day, and think nothing of it; and in the twilight of an autumn or winter evening the inhabitants would be aroused to preternatural activity by hearing the sharp trot or quicker canter of his lordship's horse making the quiet streets ring again. In these excursions Lord Palmerston was generally accompanied by his faithful and respected *attaché* Mr. Ward, to whom was entrusted the entire charge of the horses, and who was as well known in Hampshire as his noble and beloved master. Mr. Ward's advice upon all matters connected with the stables was frequently solicited and always listened to by his lordship with a kind attention that would have won anybody's heart, and which secured for Lord Palmerston a most faithful, attached servant, whose family in after years mourned their employer's loss with a grief as profound as it was sincere. Lord Palmerston was more seen by his neighbours than almost any landed proprietor in the vicinity; when not otherwise engaged he was always riding or walking over his farms, now calling upon one and then upon another of his tenants. In these excursions Mr. Kendall, the steward, accompanied his lordship, and their familiar figures were wont to startle the country-folks by the rapidity of their movements. "They gaw more as if they was on steam-hingines than on 'osses, zur," the astonished rustics would say, with mouth distended as wide as Hugo's grinning man's. Always of an active temperament, the deceased Premier has been frequently seen by the writer of these memorial lines at six o'clock on a summer morning in the plantations near Broadlands, wearing woodmen's rough leather gloves, and, billhook in hand, marking those trees that were to be felled by the woodman's axe. In winter he wore a wonderful great-coat, of amazing age, to judge by its appearance, and in this he used to come up to the Town Hall (which, by the way, has since fallen into disuse in favour of a much grander edifice in the Market Place), to attend public and semi-public meetings on local questions, walking up unattended, and entering into the affair on the *tapis* with as much zest as an alderman or a town councillor. His *bonhommie* was such that no one was afraid to approach him to ventilate a grievance or to solicit a favour. This happy temper of his lordship's is well illustrated in the following anecdote. One winter afternoon, when the Volunteer movement was in its infancy, there was a ceremony in Romsey Market Place, in which the chief actress was to have been Lady Mill, wife of Sir John Barker Mill, of Mottisfont Abbey. The occasion was one of very great local interest, being nothing less than the presentation by Lady Mill of some colours to the Romsey Rifle Corps. The ground was covered with snow several inches in depth. A circle was cleared of the snow, and here stood several of the leading county people and the Rifle Corps. Lord Palmerston happened to be amongst them. Knowing that he would probably be present, several London reporters attended the gathering, and after the lady referred to had performed her part in the ceremony, the gentlemen of the Press—who numbered perhaps a dozen, including representatives of the *Times*, *Standard*, and other London dailies—waited, notebook in hand, ready to take down the precious words of the pleasant-spoken Premier. Lord Palmerston, however, to the dismay of the reporters, gave no sign of speech-making, and was beginning indeed to move off the ground, when one of the Press men (Mr. Bussey, if we remember aright,) stepped forward and informed his lordship that he and his colleagues of the flying pen had come all the way from London to report his speech, and they devoutly hoped he would not permit them to return with empty notebooks. Laughing heartily at the request, and enjoying the humour of "the situation" to the full, the genial "Pam" turned to the large concourse which had assembled, and immediately began and delivered one of his most characteristic and humourous speeches, full of allusions to the bright-eyed Hampshire maidens and their gallant protectors, the Hampshire Volunteers.

Lady Palmerston, who died at Brockett Hall, Herts, on the 11th ult., in the eighty-third year of her age, was, when Countess Cowper, one of the first six patronesses of Almack's, and a great leader in the fashionable world, in the political circles of which, indeed, as sister of one Prime Minister (Lord Melbourne) and the wife of another, she was destined to rule till within four years of her death. She patronised Lord Byron in 1814, who seemed to recognise in her something of the caprice of fashionable divinities, for he speaks of "my lady" on one occasion as being "very gracious—which she can be more than any one when she likes." The *Times*, however, in a biography evidently written by an out-and-out admirer, speaks of her friendships as very constant, and her resentments as very placable—"She never forsook a friend, and always forgave a foe." The same writer eulogises greatly her "grace, refinement, sweetness of disposition," &c.; but it was hardly by these qualities alone, or what they suggest, that she so long ruled in the political drawing-rooms of England. Like almost all leaders of this kind, Lady Palmerston had a vast deal of fibre in her physique. Grace and refinement without bodily strength are of little account in a life of wear and tear such as hers. We are told that she managed personally all the accounts at Cambridge House, Brockett Hall, and Broadlands. She herself filled up all her visiting cards till within a very short period of the end of her reign. She could "receive" for hours without her strength flagging. In a word, she could bear the awful fag, mental and physical, of her position, and find in it nothing but pleasant excitement. Perhaps the most characteristic and most pleasant trait told of her is her remark after Lord Palmerston's death, that it had probably prolonged her own life, for she had been haunted by the fear that his strength and faculties would break down without his being conscious of the decline. In a word, to a great masculine and stout-hearted statesman, Lady Palmerston proved herself a thoroughly loyal and devoted helpmate. There was a sunshine about her Saturday evening receptions at Cambridge House which is not usually seen in gatherings of a similar nature. As a general rule, political parties are very wearisome; the crush, the difficulty of getting away, make them "things to be done" as a duty, but not as an enjoyment. There was the same crush and the same difficulty at Cambridge House, but there was a brightness only to be accounted for by the perfect manners of both host and hostess. The most insignificant guest was sure to be welcomed by pleasant smiles from Lady Palmerston and by a warm greeting from her husband, who, although he was often ignorant of the name of the person whose hand he so cordially shook, always managed to convey the impression that he had been most anxiously expecting and was quite delighted at his arrival. Lady Palmerston's good manners were the mere reflection of her true kindliness of heart, and it was this which made them so fascinating to all around her. She offered a rare example to all "great ladies," by showing that it was possible to occupy a high position in the most genial manner, yet without vulgarity or affectation. Society is not generally credited with the possession of a heart, but the sorrow with which the intelligence of her death was received was probably as sincere as the affectionate regard with which she will long be remembered.

Old age touched with a gentle and tender hand both the subjects of this brief memorial. It led them past the allotted span where all beyond is, to most pilgrims, but labour and sorrow, but it spared to them in rare degrees the capacity of enjoyment and the will to create it. When Death came he sundered a fond affection that Time had no power to weaken. Of them it might truly be said that in life they were one in heart as in death they were not divided. They were noble specimens of the fine Old English Gentleman and Gentlewoman: Peace to their honoured manes! It will be long ere we shall look upon their like again.

Our Illustrations on page 141 are from photographs by Mr. R. Keene, Derby; Mr. A. Elsden, Hertford, &c.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Last week snow fell on the hills of Caerphilly.

A hundred sheep have died in the snow near Brechin.

The Channel Fleet has left Milford Haven and sailed for Lisbon.

The Emperor Napoleon, though thinner than he was, continues well.

Several important arrests have been made in Spain. Amongst the prisoners are several Protestants.

We regret to have to announce that Mr. George Peabody is lying very dangerously ill at No. 80, Eaton Square.

A petition in bankruptcy has been presented against Edward Tyrrell Smith, proprietor of Cremorne Gardens.

A Cabinet Council was held on Tuesday, at the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasnry, in Downing Street.

It is understood in Rome that Father Hyacinthe is excommunicated according to the rules instituted at the Council of Trent.

Lord Claud Hamilton has already issued his address to the electors of King's Lynn. He describes himself as a Conservative.

Mr. Stansfeld has accepted the office of Financial Secretary to the Treasury. This will create a vacancy in the representation of Halifax.

Kelly, the Fenian, is in New York. He was married on the day the report reached him that he was dying in London. Deasy is in Boston.

The Indians in Dakota are reported as demoralised by the introduction of whisky, and more troops are asked for to keep them in order.

The wife of Captain James, of the 83rd Regiment, stationed at Devonport, has committed suicide by cutting her throat with a clasp-knife.

The Princess Royal of Prussia, with her five children and her sister, the Princess Alice of Hesse, have arrived at Cannes to pass the winter.

The case of the Rev. Mr. Bennett, who is charged with heretical writings, was again before the Arches Court on Tuesday. Judgment was deferred.

A collier, named Gregson, has killed his wife at Wigan because she was rather slow in her preparations to pledge something at the pawnshop. He is in custody.

A Canadian alderman, at whose house Prince Arthur recently stayed two days, has sent in a bill for 2,500 dollars for his Royal Highness's board and lodging.

"Professor" Risley, who was charged with attempting to abduct Maria Ann Mason, a girl under the age of 16, was tried at the Old Bailey, on Tuesday, and acquitted.

A Copenhagen telegram. dated October 24, says:—The Ossian steamer *Copenhagen*, to Newcastle, was in collision with the *Clairmont* steamer. The *Clairmont* sank, with eleven men.

The centenary of Humboldt has given an impulse to biographical literature in Germany, and caused the announcement of no less than seventy-four new books about this great scientific man.

Dr. Temple has been memorialised by a section of the Cornish clergy, "as a Christian man, to do what he can to relieve the anxiety and distress felt by great numbers both of the laity and the clergy."

The *Irish Times* states that Mr. Gargan, steward of Mr. Farnell, of Moynalty, near Trim, who was fired at some two years since there, had his life again on Monday night attempted in a determined manner.

A lady has been found dead at Penge, on the balcony of a house which she occupied with a gentleman of high position in the city. The police are investigating the affair, but no one is in custody at present.

The Queen, with the Princesses Louise and Beatrice and Prince Leopold, attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, is expected to arrive at Windsor Castle from the North, on or about Wednesday next.

There has been a colliers' riot near the Thorncliffe collieries. A number of men who are on strike besieged the houses of some "black sheep," and a large police force from Barnsley had to be called in to quell the riot.

About 800 invitations have been issued for the banquet at Guildhall on Lord Mayor's Day. The procession, it is stated, will be "in all respects suitable to the importance of the occasion, but will not be of an extravagant character."

The dead body of a man was found, on Sunday morning, by some watercress gatherers, in a fish-pond on the Duke of St. Alban's estate, at Bestwood Park, Notts. The body has been recog- At the inquest a verdict was found that deceased committed suicide while temporarily insane.

On Sunday, the 10th inst., on St. Maurice River, Canada, a scow, in which were twenty men and as many horses, in crossing from Point Chateau to Point Doré, was upset, causing the drowning of fifteen of the men and all the horses.

The *Echo* says some speculation is afloat in reference to the Bishop who will be without a seat in the House of Lords in the next session of Parliament, but in all probability it will be either the new Bishop of Oxford or that of Bath and Wells.

It is reported that one of the principal features of Mr. Cardwell's scheme for the reorganisation of the Reserve Forces next year will be the conversion of all regiments of Yeomanry, and all Light Horse Volunteer Regiments, into mounted rifles.

Considerable excitement is felt throughout Canada owing to the fact that the volunteer force in Montreal and Toronto have been ordered out for immediate service. The cause for this sudden action on the part of the Government is unknown.

Mr. William O'Brien, a landlord near Mohill, county Leitrim, has been brutally murdered. This crime is considered agrarian. He had been missing since Wednesday. His body was found in a grass field near his own house and the police barracks. His head and face were shockingly mangled.

Sir F. Lycett, Alderman Cotton, Mr. Bernal Osborne, Mr. Mill, and Mr. Beales are spoken of as probable candidates for Southwark, one of the seats for which borough becomes vacant through Mr. Layard's appointment to the embassy at Madrid.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Marlborough House on Saturday from Gunton Park. The Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, Princess Louise, and Princess Victoria, attended by Viscountess Walden, returned to Marlborough House from Chiswick.

The London correspondent of the *Scotsman* hears that the Postmaster-General has given his assent to the halfpenny postage for newspapers on two conditions—first, that the halfpenny stamp shall be available for only one day; and, second, that the publishers of the newspapers using the stamp shall themselves impress the date upon it.

The *Times* states that the Tram-Railway Company (Limited) have completed their organisation, and are now taking into consideration applications from different parts of the country where tramways are required and where the best local support seems likely to be given. A few of the most promising will, it is said, after due enquiry be proceeded with at once.

There is nothing like doing a thing well, even when it is abusing people. At an agricultural dinner at Woodbury, in Devonshire, last week, Mr. John Daw, a landowner and practical farmer of long standing, and also a lawyer, referred to the British Association debate on the agricultural labourer, styling it "The ignorant discussion of the wild beasts that came from the East."

The *Church Herald* prints a rumour that Archbishop Manning has been selected by the Ultramontanes to propose, at an early period of the Session of the Lateran Council, that those gathered shall by acclamation affirm the infallibility of the Roman Patriarch. It is also stated that a large majority of his colleagues in England regret, and several will certainly oppose, this contemplated action.

In the Rue de Brabant, Brussels, lived an old lady named Vandepoel and her daughter. Although they had property, they were penurious and had very little intercourse with their neighbours. On Wednesday evening their house, which had been closed for two or three days, was forcibly entered, and both ladies were found to have been murdered by blows on the head. The house was not plundered.

A robbery of £700, from a butcher named Edward Partin, took place at Wrexham on Monday morning. Partin, whose miserly habits are well known, says he left his house with his sister, with whom he resides, for a short time, and on his return found that thieves had got into the house by means of a ladder, and had broken open three boxes, taking away with them 700 sovereigns. Two men are now in custody on suspicion.

The Semi-annual Mormon Conference, in America, opened on the 6th inst. A great number of people, from all parts of the territory, assembled. At a meeting of citizens, held on the 9th, in the tabernacle, at which over 12,000 were present, a committee was appointed to draft a memorial to Congress, asking the admission of Utah as a State. The memorial states that the population of Utah is now about 150,000, and that they are anxious for self-government.

The *Court Journal* says four Royal accouchements are looked for either in November or December, namely, the Princess of Wales, the ex-Queen Sophia of Naples, the Princess Margaret of Italy, and the Duchess of Parma. The Pope has promised to be godfather to two of the expected infants, those of the ex-Queen of Naples and the Duchess of Parma. Francis II. and his Queen have been hurrying back to Rome in order that the birth may take place on Italian soil.

An alarming accident occurred on Thursday morning to the London and North-Western express at Longsight, near Manchester. There was a thick fog at the time, and the train, which fortunately was going at a moderate rate of about twelve miles an hour, came into collision with a luggage train which was being shunted upon the main line, close to the London-road station. The engine of the express, the front van and three succeeding coaches, were thrown off the line, and several of the passengers were bruised and hurt.

The other day the Princesses Louise and Beatrice and Prince Leopold, with a numerous suite, visited Wombwell's Menagerie, at Ballater, a small town near Balmoral Castle. The performances of the lions, leopards, and elephants appeared to much please the Royal party, the Princesses and Prince being highly amused with the elephants. The Princess Louise personally complimented Mr. Fairgrieve on the splendid appearance of the entire collection, and graciously thanked him for his attention to the party during its visit.

Great excitement prevailed in Paris on Monday, It was said that a Liberal plot for an insurrection has been discovered. The Emperor gave orders for the concentration of troops, Marshal Bazaine had charge of the artillery, with injunctions to keep the streets clear, and an imperial manifesto respecting the opening of the Corps Législatif had been prepared. Its publication was delayed to await the course of events. The Liberals deny the existence of the plot. There was no disturbance on Tuesday. No large crowd assembled, and only one man sought to address those who were present. At two o'clock the Emperor arrived, accompanied by the Duc de Montebello. The Emperor, who is well, was admirably received.

Another letter from Mr. Gladstone on the subject of the Fenian prisoners is published. It is addressed to Mr. William Bolster, chairman of the Limerick, Clare, and Tipperary Farmers' Club, in reply to a memorial addressed to the Premier by that body in behalf of the prisoners. Mr. Algernon West, writing on behalf of the Prime Minister, says:—"Mr. Gladstone desires me to inform you, in reply to that resolution, that after a careful and anxious investigation her Majesty's Government have been unable to arrive at the conclusion they desire. The admirable temper in which the resolution of the Farmers' Club is written convinces Mr. Gladstone that they will view his reply as one dictated by a sense of public duty."

A fearful accident is reported from Newbury Colliery, about thirteen miles from Bath and seven from Frome. An explosion took place in the furnace level when fourteen men were in the pit. Seven men and two boys were killed, and many are badly injured. Carelessness on the part of the men is said to have caused the accident.

A letter from Alexandria in the *Daily News* reports the effectual punishment of the savages who murdered Mr. Powell and his family in Abyssinia. In an affray between our armed force and the Shangalla savages, eight of the latter were killed, one of whom, who wore the murdered Mr. Powell's coat, had, it subsequently transpired, been the chief instigator of the crime. Five villages, numbering fifty-two houses, in which two guns and other relics were found, were ignited and razed to the ground. Fourteen hundred head of cattle were captured, and, in short, everything was done to show the Shangalla tribe the punishment they had laid themselves open to for their wickedness.

A horrible report comes from the Belgian village of Hornu, near Mons, of four murders having been committed by one man. The murderer is a small farmer, named Dessons-le-Moustier, who had dealings with three brothers. named Thirian, large dealers in sheep, in the forest of Ardennes. Each of the brothers went to Le Moustier's place with large sums of money in their possession, and were never seen afterwards. From a statement made by his wife, whom he had poisoned, the police arrested Le Moustier, and, directed by the woman's dying disclosures, proceeded to examine an old pit in Le Moustier's garden that had been filled up, and there, at different depths, they found the bodies of the three murdered brothers. The murderer has since confessed his guilt, and has inculpated an old man, who has been arrested as an accomplice.

By a collision on Friday evening on the Bishop Auckland branch of the North Eastern Railway, two men, a stoker and an engine-driver, were killed and twenty passengers injured. Several laden coke wagons were unintentionally released, and running down a sharp incline at the rate of forty miles an hour, met a passenger train on the Durham side of Hunwick. The passenger engine was thrown of the line, the carriages flew backwards down the line, and the passengers were thrown upon the carrriage-way. As soon as possible they were taken to an hotel. One of the escape valves at the side of the locomotive stuck deep into the body of Moore, the driver, and broke his spine. He lingered for about fifteen minutes, suffering the most excruciating pain. The stoker was killed instantaneously, the engine falling on his body. Both men belong to Sunderland.

The threatened demonstration in favour of amnesty to the Fenian convicts came off in London on Sunday, and, as it happened not to rain, many thousands of persons congregated in the streets and in Hyde Park to see what was to be seen and to hear what was to be heard. From twelve o'clock to two Trafalgar Square was in possession of the sort of people who always muster in such numbers on the occasion of a Sunday public meeting. The now rather stale entertainment of a parody on the Church service, gone through by a man in canonicals, served to amuse some hundreds of persons assembled round about the lions till the "demonstrators" proper made their appearance. Most of these distinguished themselves by wearing green scarves, green neckties, or green rosettes, and a young woman who headed the "ladies'" contingent was attired in green even to her gloves. After some time had been spent in marshalling the procession, a start was made for Hyde Park. Banners were carried bearing various inscriptions; the favourite device was an Irish harp without the crown. Bands at intervals performed the "Marseillaise" and other revolutionary airs. The attempt to hold a public meeting in the Park was very much of a failure. The Reformers' Tree has been blown down, and the speakers had to stand as well as they could upon the prostrate trunk. Mr. J. J. Merriman, who was president, made a long speech, in which he disclaimed any sympathy with Republicanism or Fenianism. Resolutions were passed in favour of releasing the prisoners, and a memorial to the Queen was agreed to. The speaking at the tree was tame enough, but oratory of a more exciting kind went on at some of the subsidiary meetings which were got together by speakers who held forth on their own account. The meetings were not attended with any disorder worth speaking of, and there was no imposing display of police. The Commissioners had, however, taken the precaution to have no fewer than 1,500 men of all ranks in reserve and ready for immediate service. The military in the London garrison were confined to barracks in case their services should be required.

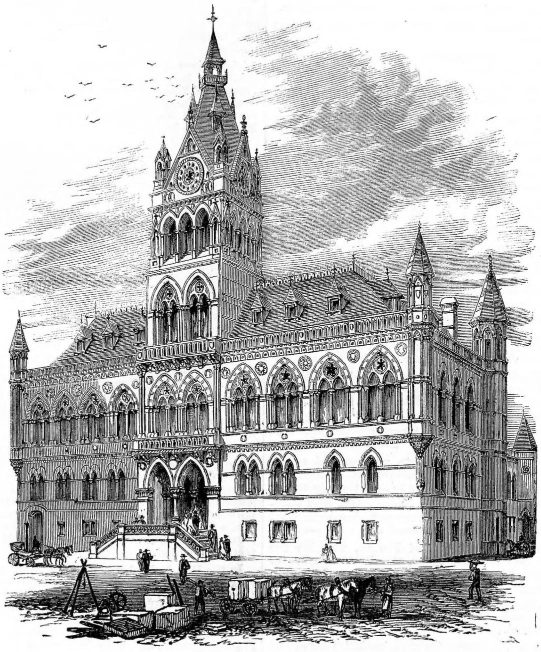
THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS OF 1868.—Mr. R. W. Thrupp, Birmingham, has published a large photograph of seventy gentlemen who took a prominent part in the Social Science Congress of 1868. The picture includes portraits of Lord Lyttelton, the Bishop of Worcester, Canons Melville and Gover, Professor Fawcett, the Hon. Dudley Fortescue, Hon. A. Kinnaird, Mr. G, W. Hastings, Mr. John Jaffray, Dr. S. Evans, Mr. J. T. Chance (High Sheriff of Staffordshire), Mr. R. L. Chance, Mr. T. Avery, Mr. Recorder Adams, Mr. A. Ryland, Mr. Registrar Hill, Mr. Kynnersley, &c. All the portraits are remarkably good, as those will not require to be told who know Mr. Thrupp's excellence as a photographer. The picture is published in three sizes.

AN HEROIC FATHER.—History and poetry celebrate no sublimer act of devotion than that of Albert G. Drecker, the watchman of the Passaic River drawbridge, on the New York and Newark railroad. The train was due, and he was closing the draw when his little child fell into the deep water. It would have been easy enough to rescue him if the father could take the time, but already the thundering train was at hand. It was a cruel agony. His child could be saved only at the cost of other lives committed to his care. The brave man did his duty, but his child was drowned. The pass at Thermopylæ was not more heroically kept. Sir Philip Sidney giving the cup of cold water to the dying soldier is not a nobler figure than that of Albert G. Drecker keeping the Passaic bridge.—*Harper's Weekly*.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH IN GREECE AND TURKEY.

Last week we gave an Illustration of the arrival of the Empress of the French at Venice. Continuing our pictorial description of her Majesty's tour, in this Number we present our readers with two engravings, one of the Empress's arrival at Constantinople, the other of her Majesty's visit to the Parthenon at Athens. The Empress's tour so far has been marked by the most gratifying demonstrations. At Constantinople her reception was magnificent. When the Empress arrived, the Sultan, who was in full Turkish uniform, shook hands with the Empress in European fashion, and then led her down the steps to the state barge. Her Majesty having changed her oilskin sailor's hat and short yachting costume for a long yellow silk dress with a bunch of ribbons behind, and a small yellow hat with a white feather. Amidst salutes from the ships and forts, and the cheers of the crowds collected in the multitudes of boats and vessels, which had clustered round the *Aigle* during her halt, the barge darted off to the shore, and drew up at the steps of Beglersbeg; the only occupants of the boat, besides the Royal personages, being a French aide-de-camp, in the uniform of the Guides, and a Turkish official, who acted as interpreter. On landing, the Sultan offered his arm to the Empress, and led her through a double line of dignitaries, in full costume, and handsomely-dressed ladies connected with the Embassy, up the marble flight of stairs that leads from the quay to the palace, the band playing the "Sultan's March." There was a dinner in the Sultan's apartments; and at night an illumination of which English eyes can have but a very faint conception. About nine her Majesty crossed the straits to the palace of Beglersbeg; by ten the lights had gone out and Pera was asleep; and, for the first time since the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, a Sovereign of Christendom was numbered amidst the dwellers in the city of the Sultan.

The Empress arrived at Alexandria at daybreak on Friday morning in the Imperial yacht *Aigle*. No salute was fired on her arrival, in compliance with her Majesty's request. The Empress disembarked at the railway wharf at half-past ten, and proceeded direct to Cairo, accompanied by the Khedive, who had arrived the day before from the capital. Before leaving Constantinople the Empress received the wives of the Turkish functionaries, and gave the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour to the Seraskier, and minor orders to a few others.



CHESTER TOWN HALL. *(See page 137.)*

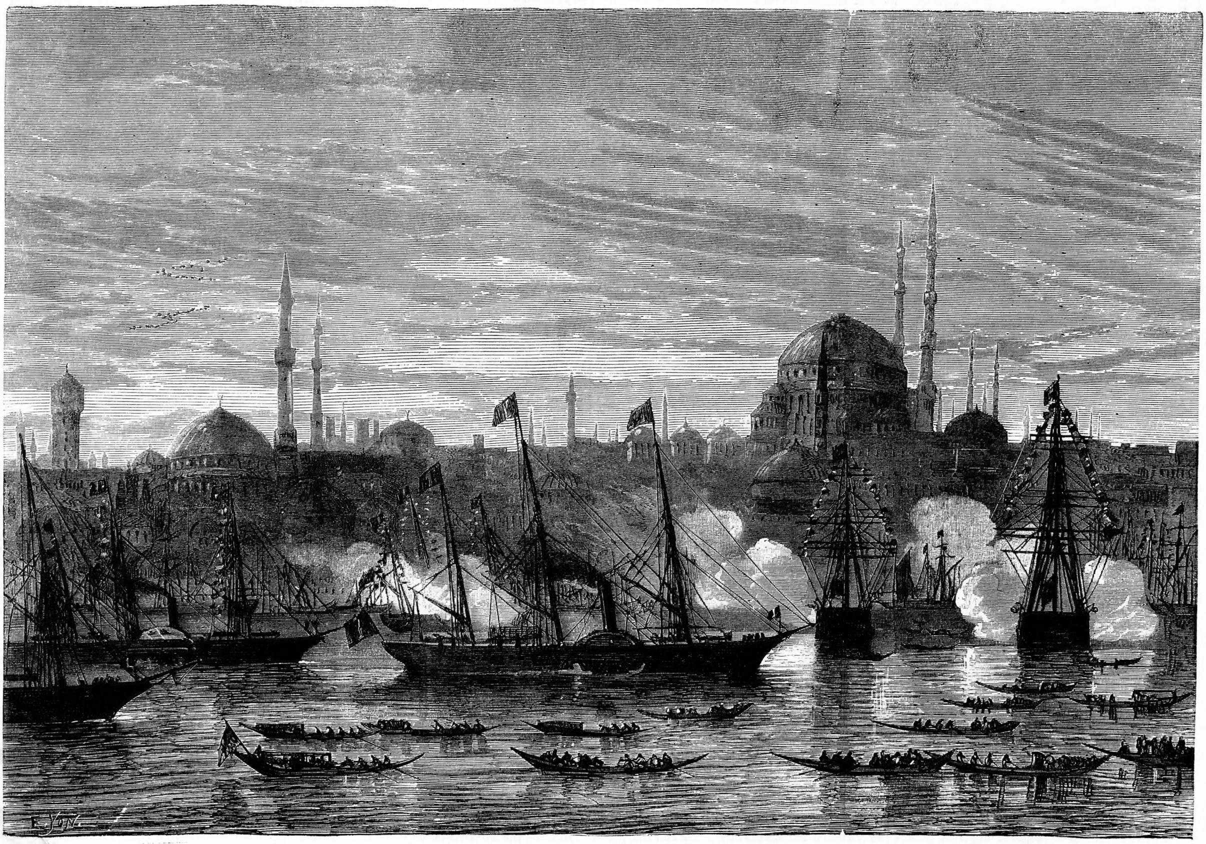
THE PRODUCT OF IRON.

Last year, as in 1867, the iron ore produce of the United Kingdom exceeded 10,000,000 tons, the quantity produced amounting to 10,169,231 tons, and exceeding that of 1867 by 148,173 tons. Yorkshire produced 3,570,935 tons in 1868, an increase of 252,896 tons over 1867; North Staffordshire 786,881 tons, a decrease of 7,628 tons; South Staffordshire 340,578 tons, a decrease of 184,422 tons; Cumberland 926,628 tons, an increase of 36,062 tons; Lancashire 767,625 tons, an increase of 100,269 tons; Northamptonshire 449,116 tons, an increase of 32,351 tons; Derbyshire 368,440 tons, an increase of 18,440 tons; Wales and Monmouthshire 741,993 tons, an increase of 203,725 tons; Scotland 1,250,000 tons, a decrease of 14,800 tons. The number of furnaces in blast in 1868 was 560; and the make of pig-iron in Great Britain amounted to 4,970,206 tons, an increase of 209,183 tons over 1867. In England the make was 2,970,905 tons, an increase of 159,959 tons; in Wales and Monmouthshire 931,301 tons, an increase of 12,221 tons; in Scotland 1,068,000 tons, an increase of 37,000 tons. The make of pig-iron in Durham, in 1868, amounted to 499,592 tons, an increase of 21,758 tons over 1867; in the North Riding of Yorkshire 699,494 tons, an increase of 58,602 tons; in the West Riding 100,050 tons, a decrease of 8,952 tons; in Cumberland 116,864 tons, an increase of 7,025 tons; in Lancashire, 325,367 tons, an increase of 6,566 tons; in Derbyshire 159,312 tons, a decrease of 716 tons; in Shropshire 145,154 tons, an increase of 21,550 tons; in South Staffordshire 532,234 tons, an increase of 16,596 tons; in North Staffordshire 532,234 tons, an increase of 27,581 tons. The average market price of Welsh pig in 1868 was £4 per ton; of Scotch, £2 15s. 3d.; of Cleveland, £2 9s. 6d.; the last the same as in 1867, the two former lower by 3s. 9d. and 4s. respectively.

BIOGRAPHY IN BRIEF.

"James Fisk, jun." is the subject of an engraving and memoir in *Harper's Weekly* of October 16. Mr. Fisk's biographer says three years ago the subject of our sketch was comparatively unknown. Now there are few men in our city who command so large a share of public notice. He is a man of large wealth, and is the centre of attraction in Wall-street, in theatrical circles, and in the law courts. Perhaps he has not genius; his education may be deficient; but his practical shrewdness, his almost reckless boldness, and his unparalleled effrontery, make up for the absence of these qualifications. He is known as a man who may be a friend to-day and an enemy to-morrow; as one who comes to his conclusions rapidly, and almost by instinct; and as a man whose hostility cannot be provoked with impunity. Having said this, what more could we say as regards his peculiar characteristics?

A foreign paper relates a strange and terrible story of the self-destruction of seventeen hundred religious enthusiasts in the Government of Saratow. A few months ago the prophets of a new religion made their appearance in that part of Russia, preaching self-destruction by fire as the only sure road to salvation, and so readily was their dreadful doctrine received by the ignorant and superstitious peasantry, that in one large village no less then seventeen hundred persons assembled in some wooden houses, and, having barricaded the doors and windows, set the buildings on fire and perished in the flames.



ARRIVAL OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

NEWARK CASTLE.

Of all the Border keeps not one is more beautifully placed than Newark Castle, which has been immortalised by Sir Walter Scott's poetic genius. It was here that the Last Minstrel sang his lay—the "wandering harper," who—

> "—— Begged his bread from door to door;
> And tuned to please a peasant's ear
> The harp a king had loved to hear!"

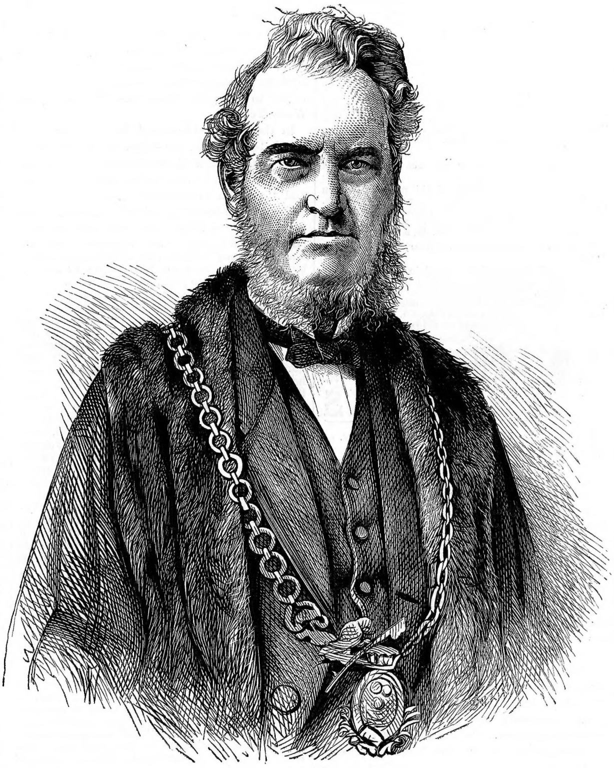
Those who have read the story will remember how the old Minstrel, with his "harp, his sole remaining joy"—

> "——passed where Newark's stately tower
> Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower."

And how—

> "The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
> No humbler resting-place was nigh.
> With hesitating step, at last,
> The embattled portal-arch he passed,
> Whose ponderous grate, and massy bar,
> Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
> But never closed the iron door
> Against the desolate and poor."

On the Yarrow, near Selkirk, Newark Castle stands within the policy of Bowhill. The public are freely admitted to it, and during the summer and autumn months the banks of the river are the resort of many visitors. The Castle itself is a large square tower, with flanking turrets, having much the same general appearance as the other Border towers in the upland pastoral districts of Roxburghshire, and all of which are ruinous. The Castle is on a prominent elevation, the trees and hills make a splendid background, and the waters of the Yarrow are for ever murmuring around its grey walls.



THE MAYOR OF CHESTER.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO CHESTER.

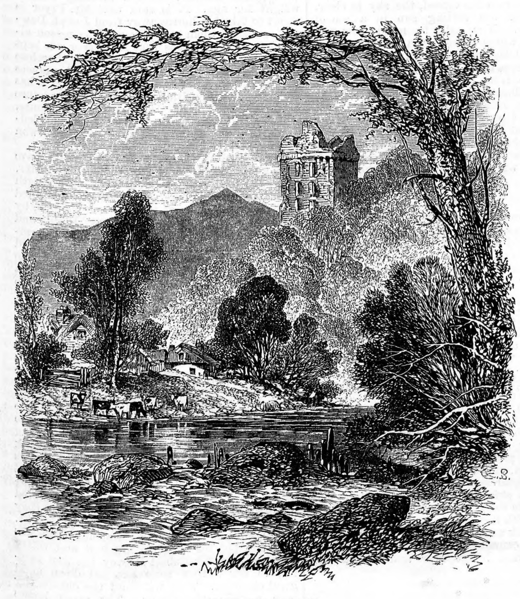
The Prince of Wales and "Earl of Chester" cannot but be profoundly gratified with the overwhelmingly loyal and really brilliant reception recently given to him by grand Old Cestria. Nothing could have intensified the reciprocal and supreme gratification of the Cestrians, and of the multitudes who thronged into their ancient and proverbially loyal city, especially from the Principality, unless it had been possible for the amiable and universally beloved Princess of Wales to have accompanied her Royal husband, or unless one or both could have been fortunate enough to have brought with them real "Queen's weather."

Despite, however, of a fortnight's fair promise of the felicitous perpetuation of a "St. Lukes's summer" having been suddenly beclouded and the supervening of an unwelcome change to chilliness and showers, the whole population of the city still enjoyed what is too seldom enjoyed in this country and this hard-working age—a joyous holiday. For two days the entire city may be said to have kept high festival. The brilliancy of the illuminations of the quaint old city scarcely surpassed the warmth and exuberance of the popular joy and the irrepressible and glorious outbursts of universal loyalty. Public amusements and public hospitalities were considerately provided for all ranks and classes of citizens and visitors. While the rich and well-to-do were right loyally feasted, the humbler classes were not forgotten, and the munificent spirit in which the popular Mayor of Chester, Alderman Thomas Gibbons Frost, celebrated this great occasion is the theme of general congratulation and heartiest commendation. When it is remembered that unlike London or Liverpool Corporations there is not a single sixpence of Corporate grant in Chester for civic hospitalities of any kind, no one could fail to appreciate the sumptuous *déjeuner* which the Mayor gave to the Prince of Wales and his other distinguished and numerous guests, followed by the splendid ball given to his Royal Highness and a much more numerous company the same evening in old Chester's new Town Hall, thus royally and most auspiciously inaugurated.

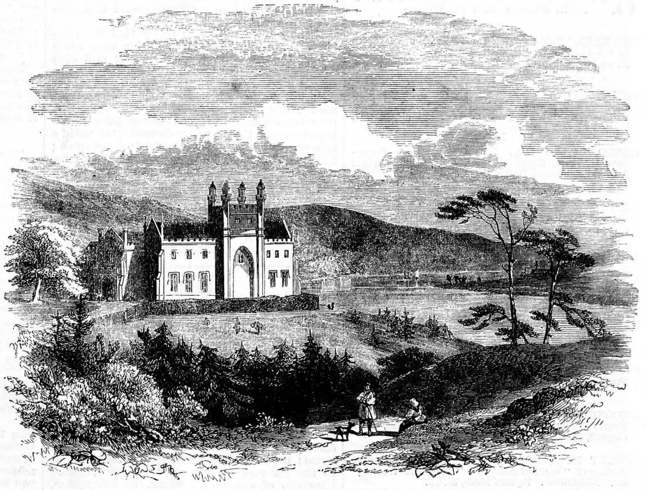
It is a fortunate thing for Chester to possess a Chief Magistrate who has not only the inclination but also the means to do munificent things in celebrating memorable local events. Three brothers of the same family have now become proverbial as public-spirited Mayors of Chester. Some ten years ago Mr. Meadows Frost was its Mayor when the Queen passed through Chester on a Royal visit to Wales, and received from him the loyal address of Chester's Corporation, and he remained Mayor for two consecutive years. After a while, Mr. Robert Frost became another munificent Mayor of Chester, and was elected and re-elected Chief Magistrate, also, for two consecutive years, and he had the honour also to lay the foundation-stone of the building which his brother has just completed. And now a third brother, but not the youngest of the three, has been fortunate enough to have right worthily to perform and to head the enthusiastic honours of the city to Royalty, both in the heart of the city as well as in the heart of hearts of the citizens. As "dearly loving the generous doers of all generous deeds" we cordially congratulate the worthy Mayor of Chester, and, indeed, its inhabitants, who, all alike, feel honoured by this Royal visit.

It affords us pleasure to present our readers this week with an excellent portrait of the Mayor of Chester, photographed by Messrs. Minchall and Hughes of Chester.

An Illustration of Chester Town Hall is also given on page 136. The building was described in our last Number.



NEWARK CASTLE.



PENTILLIE CASTLE.

PENTILLIE CASTLE.

Between Pentillie and Cothele, on the Cornish side of the river Tamar, is some of the finest scenery in the Kingdom. Deep valleys are shut in by great rounded hills clothed with forest trees, and little streams gush forth from their concealment in moss and fern. Few tourists know the locality. From the summit of a hill called Mount Ararat you see the river, which makes a grand sweep under Pentillie Castle; while opposite are the bleak Devonshire sides of the Tamar, with tall mine chimneys dotting the country side, and crowned by a slate-roofed village. They tell a singular story in connection with a large square tower, surrounded by a low wall and fosse, on the right. In the wall of the tower, which is buried in brushwood and large trees, is a little window with a granite mullion, looking through which you see on the wall a stone figure, in a stone chair, dressed in the quaint costume of the last century. This is Sir James Tillie, of Pentillie, a *bon vivant* who it is whispered ridiculed the possibility of rewards and punishments in a future state. He wished, after death, to be placed in this stone chair, with a table before him, on which were to be placed bottles and glasses and pipes and tobacco! His extraordinary wish was very properly not carried out. When, however, several years ago, the vault was opened by the father of the present owner of Pentillie Castle, he found his ancestor's remains in a sitting posture, not enclosed in a coffin. Pentillie Castle, in which he lived, and which we engrave this week, has been rebuilt, and is a conspicuous feature in the landscape.

REARING CHILDREN.

It is a settled matter of demonstration that about one-fourth of all the children born die in their infancy. If statistical tables are correct, the mortality is greater in civilized society than among semi-barbarians or savages. It is not to be denied that the Indians lose a large number of their pappooses before the second year, but not in the ratio of a given population in a civilized community where all the appliances, conveniences, and knowledge are in full exercise for their preservation.

The negroes of Africa and the nomadic races in Asia lose many children early; but they appear to be more successful in their efforts to rear them than the best informed people of civilized Europe and America. No doubt this assertion may be called in question. Figures are not to be disputed, however. If it be admitted that the manner of everyday life of millions of mothers is injurious to their nursing babes, one direct cause of the mortality among infants, never practiced by unsophisticated outdoor, open-air mothers, will be established. Our civilized mothers bundle up their babies too closely, and too often deprive them of the fresh, invigorating atmospheric air. They are wilted like cut flowers in a stifling nursery. Their freedom is too much abridged, from a mistaken idea that they may take cold if exposed. The Esquimaux mother refreshes her nude nursling in an Arctic snow-drift. Civilization overdoes—the uncivilized lets nature do more.

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[209

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⁂ Several correspondents complain that they cannot get our paper at Euston Square Station and some other distant places. We endeavour to meet these difficulties as they arise. We would suggest to our correspondents that a quarterly subscription of 4s. 6d. will secure to them a copy regularly posted on Friday night.

The Illustrated MIDLAND NEWS

BIRMINGHAM, OCT. 30, 1869.

THE 26th of October has come and gone, and—the Empire is Peace! Affairs looked very threatening in the city of Paris on Monday. The old Revolutionary spirit was said to be abroad; a revolt was confidently predicted. Two millions of French people awoke on Tuesday morning with the expectation that something would happen. What, they knew not—maybe a Revolution, a return to the dreadful days of '98, or a repetition of the two less sanguinary affairs of 1830 and 1848. By the good will of Providence, however, Tuesday passed by without any demonstration of feeling on the part of the populace. One man, M. Gagne, began to address a few people from the Obelisk in the Place de la Concorde; but the police interposed, and M. Gagne went home without a murmur. On the previous night the Emperor, whom nothing seems to alarm, appeared at the Opera; on Tuesday he walked in the Tuileries gardens with the Duc de Montebello. His Majesty was cheered; and there was no disturbance.

THE FIRST SNOW.

It is here already—almost ere the red and golden and russet leaves of Autumn have fallen. It came in the night, softly, as the Spirit of Winter should come—with no forebodings of its visit; and we awoke to see the earth white with the pure flakes, and the leaves crisp with frosty rime. It came in the night, softly, mysteriously, covering the meadows, so green before, and the flowers, whose ruby colours peeped out strangly from their snow-crowns in the morning. A red ball of fire in the heavens gleamed from amidst the grey cloud-masses in the east—a wintry sun, glistening upon the snow-covered ivy with just enough force to thaw the white flakes, and make the whole mass of leafage sparkle with diamond-like radiance.

It came in the night—so softly that the waggoners, asleep in their wains laden with food-supply for the market, rubbed their dull eyes with wonder to see the change that had come over the land. In the town, where the streets were deserted save by a few noisy revellers, the snow fell gently, as it should fall, upon yon poor outcast hugging her starving baby to her breast—upon that tawdry-dressed girl with a face as white as the doorstep she is sleeping on; fell upon all God's creatures, good and bad alike, who were in the open that bitter night. And, ah! me, dear friends, how gently and with what reverence, as it were, this first snow fell upon the little churchyard in the village yonder, where the tall grass will wave no more over the sleepers until the spring-time!

TAKING TICKETS FOR THE OPERA.

The scene at the Theatre Royal, New-street, Birmingham, on Monday, the first day of the sale of tickets for the Italian Opera representations next week, was unusually lively. Before the box-office opened, a crowd of prospective ticket-takers had assembled, the line stretching from the portals of the Theatre across the street, to the bewilderment of country cousins, ignorant of the operatic treat in store. When the box-office was opened it was besieged for two or three hours; the rush approached that which is made to the pit and gallery on "Boxing Night." Chignons of every hue—black, brown, golden, flaxen—were seen struggling in a sea of silk dresses. The local *dilettanti* were well represented; and, although the crush was at first rather severe, everybody was sufficiently good-humoured to forget to scowl, as only your offended Briton can scowl, at those by whom his toes were trodden upon, his elbows squeezed, or his plumage ruffled. Once inside the portal—which should bear a legend exactly the reverse of that over the entrance to the Shades, to which Charon rows you for the most trifling of trifles—once within the door, and your troubles were over; for there stood the courteous Manager, with his army of assistants, ready to relieve you of your half-sovereign (and it could not be better spent), and to take down your name for the *Trovatore* night, or the *Lucia*, or *Don Giovanni*, whichsoever you have elected to attend.

UP THE HILLS.

From the Herefordshire Beacon, on the Malvern Hills, they say you can see twelve counties —so Macaulay sang, and so the guide-books probably confirm. Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, Oxfordshire, Warwickshire, all these "fair shires" and others are panoramically visible to the gazer from the Hill-tops of the Water-Town.

In the summer-time—and for the matter of that in the autumn, too—there is no pleasanter sight than the view which Nature spreads out for the gratification of those of her children who can find "good in everything"—especially in the contemplation of valley and hill and plain. And the thousands of visitors who make Malvern their halting place in August and September will, no doubt, be ready to make affirmation that neither by sea nor on land are the breezes so health-giving, or the air so pure, as at Malvern.

Your Alpine climber would scorn the modest altitude of the Malverns—would gird at the laudable and often ineffectual attempts of stout gentlemen and plethoric ladies to make the ascent under a broiling sun, with a temperature at 100 deg. in the shade; while those who have done Mont Blanc at the risk of their necks, or have scaled the terrible Matterhorn, and seen through the mist the shadows of those who have "gone before," would be amused at the earnestness with which Mr. Smith from the Black Country, or Mr. Jones, from Birmingham, with wife and family, like that of the mythical Johnny Jack, "at their back," toil up the devious paths, basket of provender in hand, and flask of liquor in pocket, content if they can but get to the summit and enjoy their modest repast.

Picture to yourself, O reader of THE ILLUSTRATED MIDLAND NEWS, these same Hills on an October day—let us say the last past Saturday of this present autumn month, if only to fix a date —on an October afternoon, when the rain is falling heavily, and the wind howls lustily, and when (as did, you know, Mungo Park, that famous hero of our school-days) travellers who have no carriages in which to ensconce themselves, and no horses to bestride, fain flee for shelter beneath the nearest tree. This present Saturday afternoon partakes of all the characteristics but one of a winter's day. There is no snow, but there is everything disagreeable besides—rain, wind, and thick, heavy, louring clouds. The hillside is as slippery as though it were covered with ice—the stones fall down upon you as you bravely plod over them, and you may look through the "Burrow" that is slung over your shoulder until your gaze is dim, and you yourself temporarily colour-blind, without seeing a fellow-toiler by the way. The sheep look askance at you through the mist, and regard you as intruders—interlopers of the worst possible description; from below the donkey-boys watch your upward march, and breathe fervent aspirations for your speedy downfall. But courage, dear friend—courage, Orlando, or Janet, as the case may be—remember the youth that Mr. Longfellow has told us of, and how he was ever singing "Higher! higher!" until his voice was lost "far up the height," and—

> "———In the twilight cold and grey,
> Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay."

* * *

There! sir, what would you have more beautiful than this picture at your feet—these hundreds of miles of wood and meadow? Stiff blows the breeze, but the rain has ceased, the sky is clear, and yonder is the setting sun in a sea of purple colour. You call to mind how the "glorious sun uprist" before the astonished gaze of the Ancient Mariner "all in a hot and copper sky"—a fearsome sight, not at all like that we are looking at from the Beacon from which in the war-time flamed many a fierce light, casting its ruddy glare over the country-side.

"In a sea of purple colour."

This may not be a very good, a very correct, a very artistic phrase—we don't come up the Hills to ground ourselves in word-painting—but it is the scene as we saw it. And a curious sight it was.

* * *

There is a breeze so strong that were you on the water, in your yacht the Seagull, you might, unless you were an old salt, chance to find it disagreeable. But here on the hill-top—why it is life to you and to all of us who have scrambled up. So, open your mouths, and drink in what Heaven has been pleased to send. It is as good as a sea-breeze. There is ozone at Weston, but there is more than ozone on the Malvern Hills this afternoon. Your spirits rise in proportion to the height you attain; there is no holding in the children, who are in one "cave" and out on the other side before you can reverse the umbrella which the wind has been rude enough to turn inside out.

Underneath is the little town—the Church looks insignificantly diminutive, the railway engines and cars no larger than toy-trains which you can buy anywhere for sixpence; in the centre of the picture is the newly-built church of Madresfield, and behind it the Court, with its moat and picturesque surroundings, that have seen many a skirmish between Cavaliers and Roundheads in the old days; more to the left is Worcester, with its Cathedral standing out like a noble landmark as it is; but strain your eyes as you may you cannot see the Midland Capital for the smoke that hangs over and around and upon it.

* * *

The sun setting in a sea of purple!

It is the moon, not the sun, we are looking at now, the silver-horned, "inconstant" moon, which is rising as the last faint scarlet gleam of sunshine fades away into the dim twilight, and just as we descend the Hill with quickened pulses and glowing cheeks—hungry, thirsty, tired, and not at all disposed to quarrel with the fare provided for us at the ——— well, not to cause jealousy, let us say the Blank Hotel, where there is a cheerful fire blazing up the chimney, and an Illustrated Paper to while away the after-tea-time until we are whisked back over the iron road to Birmingham.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

After lying for almost a week in an unconscious state, and taking no nourishment, the Earl of Derby has passed away. For nearly fifty years he was an ardent supporter of the turf, though his horses were run in his grandfather's or father's name, until he became a member of the House of Lord's. His colours first appeared in a match at Heaton Park, near Manchester, when a mare belonging to him was ridden by his relative, Lord Wilson. About the year '43, the Earl, then Lord Stanley, sent his horses to John Scott, who trained for him for nearly twenty years, and Nat and Butler usually had his mounts. He was fairly successful, winning the One Thousand with Lagista, and the Oaks with Iris. He also ran second for the three great events—Derby, Oaks, and Leger—with Toxophilite, Meteora, and Canezon, respectively. Fuzzoletto; Amurath, a winner of several cups; Psalmsinger; Acrobat; Boiardo; and Declare, the favourite for the Derby in Wild Dayrell's year, who broke down the Sunday before the race, were some of the best horses he ever owned. Perhaps his Lordship was most proud of the "roaring" Longbow, whom no weight could stop over six furlongs, and whose desperate race with Belion at Doncaster, first told John Scott what a wonder he possessed in West Australian. Verbena, the first good mare he ever bred; Ithuriel, by Touchstone; Umbriel; and Strongbow, also, were good racers. The Earl was more fortunate as a breeder than on the turf. He was very fond of the Velocipede blood. Miss Bowe, a mare of his own breeding, proved a very useful stud matron. She lived till she was thirty years old, though she was barren for the last six or seven. She was dam of Longbow and Strongbow, and Tom Bowline was her last foal. Canezon proved rather a failure, though she threw Cape Flyaway (whom the Earl used to the last) to Flying Dutchman. Sortie, one of the worst and softest mares his Lordship ever possessed, proved the most successful at the stud, as she was dam of Citadel, Repulse, and Out-and-Outer, besides some other winners. Stockwell and Newminster were the sires principally used, but a mare was occasionally sent to Kettledrum, and some fine averages were made at the annual sale; twice, indeed, on the third day at Doncaster a yearling realized upwards of a thousand guineas. In 1862 Lord Derby retired from active participation in turf pursuits, but he never lost his love of racing, and seldom missed Doncaster, where he might be seen at the club dinner, chaffing Lord Glasgow about the last unnamed scion of Brother to Bird-on-the-Wing and Maid of Masham. He was a fine judge of racing, his genial manner made him most popular, and such a high-minded, enthusiastic sportsman can be ill spared in these days.

The racing of last week was most unimportant, and needs but a passing comment. Sophie, by Lord Clifden—Bernice, and therefore half-sister to Tramp, won a Nursery at Chelmsford. She was bred by Sir Tatton Sykes, and sent up to Doncaster for sale with Morphia and Frivolity; so that the three Sledmere '68 yearlings are all winners. Old Cranbury, on whom "Speedy" Payne performed his celebrated equestrian feat at Bath in 1867, reappeared after a long absence from the turf, and won a small stake by a dozen lengths. Mr. Johnstone's stable were terribly knocked about at Kelso; Argyle, Derventio, and Thorwaldsen, went down one after another, and to crown all, Mandrake, *the* Cup horse of last year, was beaten easily by a reformed plater like Champagne Charlie, though meeting him at weight for age. It is said that Mr. Pryor is about to take his horses away from Joseph Dawson, and send them to Wadlow. The reason alleged for this change is that Mr. Pryor was kept in ignorance of Camel's form, and was therefore quite taken by surprise at the fine performances of the colt at Doncaster. Sir Tatton Sykes has commissioned Mr. Hall to paint a large picture of Frivolity, Joseph Dawson, and Chaloner, which will hang in the drawing-room at Sledmere, to commemorate the first great race won by an animal of the baronet's breeding.

The Wiltshire Coursing Meeting would have been a terrible failure but for the Messrs. Lister, who seem to have brought out the whole strength of their kennels, and were fittingly rewarded with the lion's share of the stakes. Pauline, by Tornado—Bertha, won the Ladies' Plate, and showed excellent form in all her courses. Charming May ran for the first time this season, and divided the Challenge Cup with Animus. She hardly showed her usual cleverness, but made a most brilliant kill. Out of 142 entries for the Bothal St. Leger, Covet, a "dark" puppy by Strange Idea—Curiosity, was made favourite at 16 to 1, and eventually divided the stake with M'Donald, by Chancellor—Danger Signal, his own sister, Envy, being drawn by arrangement. He must possess immense stamina, as, in addition to his six courses, he ran three "undecideds." The old dogs this year seem very good, and there are many most promising puppies, so that Master Magrath and Bab at the Bowster will have to look to their laurels in the Waterloo Cup.

The sale of the Prince of Wales's harriers took place at Tattersall's on Monday, when there was a large attendance of masters of harriers and Windsor people. The pack is made up of 19½ couple of entered and 4½ couple of unentered hounds, together with 7 couple of puppies; they are from eighteen to twenty inches in height. They were not brought to town, and there was only one bid for them (a hundred and thirty guineas) from Sir Robert Harvey, the new master, to whom they were knocked down amid great cheering. They will hunt the old country with a £600 subscription. The seven horses averaged over sixty-three guineas, Blanche, a pretty old white mare, and one other, making ninety-one guineas each.

Last week decided conclusively who will succeed Roberts as champion of England at billiards. Cook, Jun., in a match with Roberts, Jun., made breaks of 104, 123, and 351. On the following evening, in another match with the same player at Manchester, he put together 97, 143, and 359, including 112 spot hazards, scoring his 1000 in one hour, thirty-eight minutes. Thus, in one week, the same man has made the two longest breaks and played the two fastest games on record.

NEWS OF THE MIDLANDS.

The Midland Railway Company are erecting a large engine shed at Staveley, at a cost of £20,000.

Mr. John Conington, M.A., professor of Latin at Oxford University, died at Boston, in Lincolnshire, on Saturday.

An ironworks upon the co-operative principle is spoken of at Wolverhampton. The capital is to be £5,000. in £1 shares.

The Illustration of the Masonic Ceremony at Lincoln in our last was engraved from an excellent photograph by Mr. Slingsby, Lincoln.

Lady Clifton, who is now residing at Barton Lodge, has just recovered from a rather serious attack of indisposition.

Nine inhabitants of Loughborough were injured in the late accident at Trent. The majority have arranged for compensation with the Midland Company.

Recently Elizabeth Greatorex died at Plaistow Green, Crick, in her 102nd year. She was unmarried, and was probably the oldest maiden lady in the country.

David Osborne, a labourer, of Battisham, Cambridgeshire, discharged a gun at his wife on Saturday, and blew the top of her head completely off. The murderer was drunk at the time.

An accident occurred on Friday on the Midland Railway, near Kettering Junction. A goods train struck the points, and was thrown off the line, causing delay to passenger trains.

At the Shire-hall, Nottingham, on Saturday, Michael M'Intyre, once well-known in Nottingham cricketing circles as a very fast bowler, was convicted of felony and sentenced to a month's hard labour.

On Friday night Mr. Faris's book-rim and clasp manufactory in Warstone-parade East, Warstone-lane, Birmingham, fell. Luckily all the workpeople had gone home, or many lives might have been sacrificed.

The Cheltenham magistrates on Monday fined two bakers, named Chambers and Morgan, £5 and costs each for selling adulterated bread. Five other bakers have been summoned for a similar offence.

The Right Hon. J. R. Mowbray, M.P., has given £200 to Keble College, Oxford. The buildings are now rapidly approaching completion, and several students are already entered on the books. The College will be opened after the next long vacation.

We *(Nottingham Guardian)* understand that the Rev. W. S. Chapman, late minister of the Baptist Chapel, in George-street, Nottingham, is about to commence studying at one of the halls at Oxford University, with a view of entering into the holy orders of the Church of England.

A shocking accident occurred on the Great Northern Railway on Sunday night. While a train was passing a junction near Welwyn, several of the carriages were thrown off the line, one of them being completely smashed. Three of the passengers were killed, and several others were more or less seriously injured.

At a meeting at Nottingham on Saturday it was resolved that application be made during the ensuing session of Parliament for permission to build a bridge over the river Trent at Gunthorpe, and that the necessary notices be given in the newspapers, as required by the standing orders of the House of Commons.

A double elopement is reported to have occurred at Leamington—the ladies being wives of tradesmen. The particulars which have been published are so vague that we refrain from reproducing them. The little Hampshire town of Romsey (referred to elsewhere in this paper) has been startled this week by the flight of a young married lady with a gentleman well-known but not resident in the neighbourhood. What makes this case the worse is the circumstance that the husband's health is broken.

The parishioners of Sedgley have adopted the compulsory portion of the Poor Rate Assessment and Compulsion Act, 1869, for rating the owners of dwelling houses assessed at £8 and under, instead of the occupiers. On Friday a vestry meeting was held to approve of any agreements made or hereafter to be made under the 3rd section of that act, between the overseers and owners of other kinds of property (excepting dwelling-houses) for the latter to pay the poor rates, whether the premises are occupied or not, conditionally that the overseers allow them 25 per cent. off. A resolution sanctioning such agreements was passed unanimously, after a discussion.

There was no little excitement caused in the village of Worle, near Weston-super-Mare, on Tuesday morning, when rumour circulated that the young gentleman who a few months ago absconded from his wife, and was captured by her with a policeman on board a vessel about to sail from Liverpool, had made his appearance, looking no worse for his adventure. But the general enquiry was, "What has he done with his heroic lady?" We hear that the happy couple have been sojourning of late near Birmingham, but that the "better half" is shortly expected, when the villagers intend holding a demonstration and drawing her in a carriage from the station to her residence.—*Weston Mercury.*

The tenth annual meeting of the South Staffordshire Adult Education Association was held in the Town Hall, Wolverhampton, on Friday, the Right Hon. Lord Lyttelton, president of the Association, presiding. The report of the examiner (the Rev. H. Williams) showed that the number of candidates examined during the year was 291; of these 50 passed in the higher grade out of 70; and 112 in the lower grade out of 221, being an increase of 26 on the year previous. Last year 78·1 per cent. of the higher grade candidates were successful, and 54·2 of the lower grade. This year 71·4 of the former, and 53·7 of the latter had been successful. It was agreed that prizes should be offered for essays on the following subjects:—"The improvements effected in our local manufactures during the present century by the application of science and art," and "The best means of getting children to school whether by law or suasion." After the meeting there was a dinner at the Swan Hotel, and subsequently a public meeting in the Exchange.

At the meeting of the Walsall Board of Guardians, on Friday, a communication was received from the Poor Law Board respecting the charge brought against Dr. Cooke by the Rev. W. G. Vernon, vicar of Great Barr, together with certain letters that had passed between the parties. A letter from the Secretary to the Poor Law Board to Mr. Vernon concluded as follows:—"I am directed to add that the Board highly disapprove of the terms of the letter which Dr. Cooke addressed to you on the 27th of August respecting the case of Mrs. Hallis. The Board desire however to suggest that in a case of neglect on the part of any officer of the union the more desirable course is to address to the Board of Guardians any letter which the circumstances may appear to demand."

The Staffordshire Provincial Grand Lodge of Freemasons held its annual meeting on Thursday at Newcastle-under-Lyme. Bro. G. S. Tudor, W.P.G.M., opened the lodge at St. George's school-room. After the lodge, the brethren went to church. The Revds. Brothers J. Westbury, Hartshill, and B. Wright, Chesterton, read the prayers and lessons, and the Rev. C. O'Neil Pratt preached from Psalm cxix. 22 and 23. The service was choral. The choir was strengthened by some additions from Burslem. The collection amounted to £8. 14s. 4d., which was afterwards increased to £10. 10s., and the lodge agreed to give half to the North Staffordshire Infirmary and the other half to St. George's School. The lodge closed in due form, and was followed by a banquet at the Town Hall.

Particulars of a shocking case at Mansfield, in which the body of Harriet Brown had been exhumed, were given in this paper a fortnight ago. The Coroner has concluded his enquiry, which disclosed great immorality on the part of several persons implicated. Deceased was pregnant, though a single woman, and the evidence left no doubt that she had died an agonising death by some clumsy attempt to procure abortion, which killed both herself and the child. The abortion and death took place at Nottingham, and her dead body, half dressed as it was, was put into a cart, driven to Mansfield, and buried in the cemetery there. Suspicion being aroused, investigation followed, and has resulted in a verdict of wilful murder against a woman named Emily Jennings, wife of a policeman in the Nottingham borough force, the woman who is said to have performed the cruel and fatal operation on the unfortunate deceased.

A case of husband poisoning is reported from Heanor, Derbyshire, where Martha Calladine is in custody on a charge of poisoning her husband. Calladine, who is a collier, being unwell for the last six weeks, on Friday grew so much worse that two doctors, Mr. Woolley and Mr. Whitmore, had to be called in. They ascertained that he was suffering from the effects of poison, and applied the usual remedies. The prisoner had purchased from Mr. Simpson, druggist, Heanor, a packet of Thorley's vermin destroyer, and in giving some of it to her husband told him it was medicine which had been ordered for him by the doctor. She is the mother of two children, the youngest being an infant of six weeks old. It is said that she and her husband have lived unhappily together for some time. The unfortunate man is now believed to be out of danger.

On Sunday, about noon, another of those encounters which have been recently so frequent between keepers and poachers took place at Stoughton, a few miles distant from Leicester. Two brothers, Edward and James Ward, were out watching the game on the preserves of Mr. H. L. Powys Keck, of Stoughton Grange, and noticed seven men with dogs rabbitting in a field. The Wards went up to them and demanded their names, and were within a few yards of them when one of the gang, named James Jones, threw a brick at Edward Ward with great violence, striking him on the back of the head and rendering him almost insensible. James Ward was knocked down, his stick taken from him, and the two brothers were beaten most severely about the head and other parts of the body. The lane being frequented by the public, assistance was soon at hand, and two of the ringleaders in the affray were taken into custody. The two Wards are very seriously hurt.

The movement amongst the Staffordshire ironworkers for an advance of wages continues at Wolverhampton and Hanley, and has extended to the Brierley Hill district. At Wolverhampton the men believe their wages will be advanced to 8s. by to-day (Saturday); if not, they will serve formal notices on the masters. There was a mass meeting of ironworkers at Brierley Hill on Monday, and it was resolved "That we give notice on Saturday next, October 30, to leave off working, if an advance of 1s. per ton to puddlers, and a corresponding increase to other branches of the trade, be not notified on Thursday next." When we went to press we had not been informed of the result of the application to the masters. A number of the ironworkers of North Staffordshire met at Hanley on Monday, and passed resolutions expressing dissatisfaction with the present prices of labour, and deciding upon an immediate application to the Ironmasters' Association, through the chairman, for an advance of 1s. per ton to the puddlers, and 10 per cent. to the millmen.

Peter Keay and John Bebb were killed on Saturday while working at the New Cophall Colliery, Greet's Green, by some coal falling on them. A miner named Bevin was in the pit at the time, but fortunately escaped without the slightest injury, although he had a narrow escape. He was the first witness called on Saturday at the inquest at West Bromwich, after the identification of the bodies by relatives of the deceased men, and stated that immediately before the coal fell upon the two men he and they were in conversation as to the best means of getting it down. The quantity that fell was about four or five tons. Bebb at the time of the accident was standing with his hand on witness's shoulder. Mr. Baker, Government Inspector, cross-examined the witness, with the view of ascertaining whether the pit was properly "timbered" at the time of the accident, and he said it was apparently quite safe; no "bump" was heard before the coal fell. Levi Bailey, chartermaster in the pit, said he had seen the place about three hours before the accident, and everything appeared to be quite safe. Bebb was engaged under witness, and was in the habit of examining the pit in witness's absence. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

There was an alarming fire on Monday at the Coventry Cotton Factory. The Volunteer Fire Brigade were soon upon the spot, and worked very vigorously under their captain, Mr. Loveitt. The Sun firemen speedily followed, and under the direction of Mr. Ward similarly exerted themselves. Some thousands of spectators were soon upon the spot. The origin of the fire was as follows:—A piece of flint got into the "devil," an instrument used for tearing into small portions woollen, cotton, or other fibrous matter, and so constructed that some iron teeth upon one side are made to work into others similarly placed opposite. The piece of flint falling into this machinery caused the fire. The amount of damage has not yet been ascertained, but the whole of the stock and building property is secured by insurance in the Phœnix, County, Sun, and West of England Insurance Offices. One of the Fire Brigade had an accident in which he injured his knee in descending from an upper part of the building, and with this exception no serious accident took place.

The Coroner for South Staffordshire has just concluded an enquiry into the death of David Edwards, a forgeman, of Silverdale, and has committed Frederick Chatfield, a painter, of Newcastle-under-Lyme, for trial for wilful murder. The murdered man was a stranger to Chatfield before the night of the 2nd instant, when the latter, who was with several companions, met him on his way home from Newcastle to Silverdale. He joined the party, and walked with them. Arrived at a junction of two roads, Edwards left the party, he going down one of the roads and they the other. Chatfield followed him, and returned to his friends about twenty minutes afterwards, making an excuse for leaving them. The dead body of Edwards was found early the next morning lying in the road not far from the junction. There was a large wound on the head, and in a field adjoining the road was found a wooden paling having human hair attached to it, similar to the deceased's. This paling, it has been proved, was torn up by Chatfield on the road side, was carried by him, and was in his hand when he went after Edwards, but was gone when he came back. Chatfield went to the house of one of the persons he was with, although a stranger to him, and stayed all night in his house, but not going to bed, and leaving early in the morning. He subsequently told an acquaintance he slept at the house of a brother at Chesterton on the Saturday night; why he made such a statement is not apparent.

The Mordaunt scandal is again revived. Some of the journals announce that the case will come before the Judge Ordinary of the Divorce Court in the ensuing Michaelmas Term, which begins next Tuesday. It will be remembered that on the 27th of July a motion was made before Lord Penzance in the suit of "Mordaunt *v.* Mordaunt, Johnstone, and Cole," with regard to the conduct of the case. There had been several applications in Chambers for the postponement of her ladyship's answer, mainly on the ground of her insanity at the time she made the statements which led to the inquiries that resulted in the institution of the suit; and in support of that plea of insanity a number of affidavits were filed. Counter affidavits, more than a dozen in number, were filed in answer; and it was upon the conflicting statements made therein that the noble and learned lord committed the settlement of that part of the proceedings to the decision of a special jury, so that the various deponents might be submitted to the ordeal of cross-examination, and the verity or otherwise of their averments ascertained. The respondent has been residing at Worthing, and is reported as much improved in her mental and bodily health, so that it may be anticipated that, instead of the sensational investigation that has been expected in the ensuing term, the lady will be so far recovered as to file her answer in the ordinary way. Should this be so, it is more than probable that another co-respondent will be added to the petition. One of "the highest personages in the land" is said to be concerned in this case.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., delivered the inaugural address on the opening of the Session of the Midland Medical Society, on Thursday evening, at the Great Western Hotel, Birmingham. After referring, with regret, to the disuse of the lancet, he adverted to the transfusion of blood from one animal to another—a remedy first introduced by Sir Christopher Wren. The speaker doubted whether the discovery of the circulation of the blood was greater in its practical results. The late Sir Charles Hastings killed an animal by bleeding till appearances of life ceased. He then transfused the blood of another animal into the apparently dead one, until the latter revived, and lived with the blood of the other, which died from loss of that blood. Having described the method of transfusing blood from one animal into another (including, of course, the human subject), he remarked that it might, at some future time, be possible to infuse into the veins a substance capable of being transformed by the lungs into blood, so that, in extreme cases of disease of the stomach, life might be prolonged, although the process of digestion could not be carried on in the body. Nourishment might be passed at once into the veins, in a state ready for assimilation. Referring to alcohol, which he said positively reduced the heat of the body, he thought the general effect of that drug was depression. It did not follow that, if scientifically understood, it might not be useful in medicine—it might be useful for purposes of depression, and possibly when alcohol was prescribed to sustain a patient, it might effect a cure—but often in a different way from what the medical man thought. It might cure by reducing the abnormal degree of temperature. Then, if it was useful for purposes of depression, the question remained whether other agencies might not produce the same effect in a more satisfactory way. But as to the influence of alcohol, the root of a great deal of difference of opinion was this—that in all our common wines and brandies alcohol was present in very different forms, and its action therefore varied greatly. He made some interesting experiments, by way of illustrating the mode of recovering persons who have lost their lives from drowning or exposure to mephitic vapours. He narcotised a rabbit until respiration entirely ceased, and then, by means of a bellows constructed for the purpose, with tubes to fit into the nostrils, he brought the animal back to life.—A vote of thanks was given to Dr. Richardson for his address.

THE GOSSIP.

The Christmas numbers of several Magazines are already announced.

The *Musical Standard* says Minnie Hauck has made a most favourable *début* at St. Petersburg in *Lucia.*

A free school for the purpose of training ballet-dancers for the opera has been opened at Berlin.

The large music and piano warehouse of Messrs. Windermann, of New York, has been destroyed by fire.

Mr. Harris, late stage-manager at Covent Garden, has accepted a similar appointment at the Opera House in St. Petersburgh.

Drury-lane Theatre has been secured by the opposition Opera Company for next season—that is to say for a period of four months.

A bust of Madame Adelina Patti, with the coronet of a marquise on the pedestal, has just been placed in the saloon of the Italian Opera at Paris.

A new tenor, a wealthy amateur, was tried last week at the Théâtre Lyrique in "Rigoletto,' but he was found wanting. 'Le Val d'Andorre' is to be revived before the production of Mr. Balfe's 'Bohémienne.'

Miss Helen Faucit is about to take her farewell of the stage in a series of performances. She will shortly commence the valedictory performances with a six nights' engagement in Glasgow.

The private view of the Winter Exhibition of British and Foreign Pictures will take place at the French Gallery, Pall-mall, this day (Saturday). The gallery will be opened on Monday.

M. Théodore Barrière announces in the journals that he is about to write for the Gaitè a drama in twenty-two *tableaux*, entitled "Les Morts Vivants," and the epilogue of which will be called the "Cimetière de Menton." The object is to set forth in a striking manner the dangers of premature interment.

The *Orchestra* says that a dispute between Mr. Sothern and Mr. Byron is likely to come into the law courts, owing to the refusal of the former to play the part assigned him in Mr. Byron's new comedy, according to the bargain between them. Mr. Byron is playing the part himself with success at the Globe Theatre.

A foreign paper informs us that Nilsson's singing of the "Messiah" at Exeter Hall has been "a new revelation," and that she has immensely surpassed all her predecessors. Another review states that a *gentleman* sang the "Hallelujah Chorus" with taste and expression!

It is said that Mr. Chatterton and Mr. Boucicault have already netted £10,000 by "Formosa." Mr. Boucicault is so indisposed, through over-taxing his mental capacities, that his medical attendant has ordered his immediate departure abroad, as the only chance of recruiting his health.

In connection with the Leigh Hunt memorial, which was uncovered at Kensal-green on Tuesday week, it has been decided upon issuing a volume of charming papers written by this author, entitled "A Tale for a Chimney Corner, and other Essays," selected and edited by the author's personal friend, Mr. Edmund Ollier.

The musical activity in the provincial towns of France is remarkable. An *opéra-comique* of real merit "Le Mariage à la Rose,' by a certain M. Leguay, has just been brought out in the picturesque old city of Blois. When shall we hear of new operas in Rochester or St. Albans?—*Athenæum.*

At the last meeting of the Philological Association, at Poughkeepsie, in the State of New York, it was unanimously resolved that the Continental pronounciation of the Latin vowels ought to be adopted, and that Greek ought to be read according to the written accent.

The *Nation* states that in America there are two copies of Burns sold for one of Byron; that ten editions of Burns, published in America, are in the market to six of Byron; while in importations from abroad Burns is vastly in excess. Scott sells worse than any modern poet except Wordsworth, and to one copy of his works there are forty sold of Burns's.

Mr. Stanley Betjemann has engaged an English Opera Company for an extensive tour in the provinces. The company include the following well-known names:—Miss Fanny Heywood, Miss Bessie Emmett, Mdme. Emma Heywood, Mr. Stanley Betjemann, Mr. A. Marshall, Mr. R. Lansmere, Mr. B. Ryder Ellis, Mr. Frank Burgess, &c., conductor, Mr. J. M. Chamberlain. The *répertoire* will include "Massaniello," "William Tell," &c.—*Orchestra.*

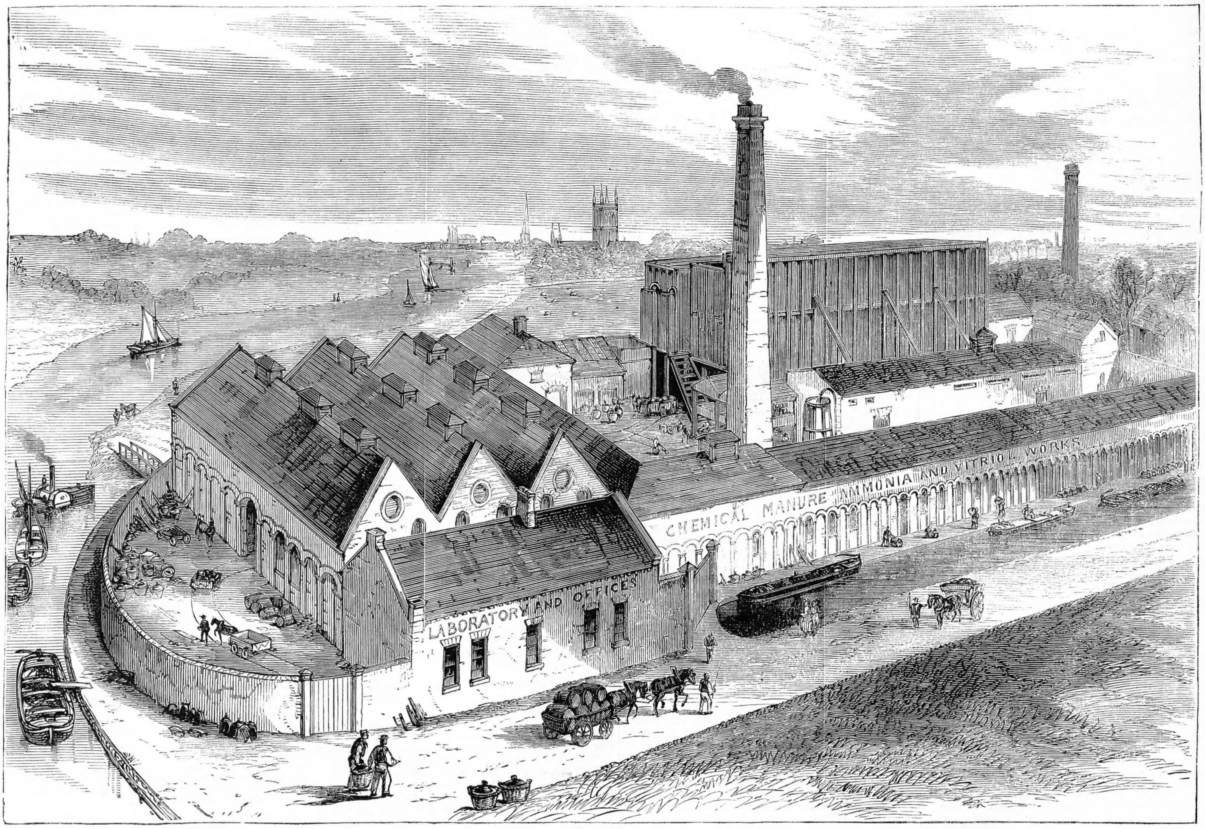
The *Citizen* (U.S.) is rough with Mr. Boucicault. "Mr. Dion Boucicault," it says, "writes a letter to the *Herald*, denying any share in the authorship of 'Dreams,' and closing with the words, 'The critics who have seen my hand in it must have had the aid of the Davenport Brothers.' As, without the aid of the Davenports, we have seen precisely what Mr. Boucicault calls 'his hand'—or in other words, his handwriting—in the original manuscript of 'Dreams' as acted at the Fifth Avenue, and as the additions and changes, in Mr. Boucicault's handwriting, amount to about one-half of the play, we are compelled to believe that the gentleman labours under an hallucination."

Madame Celeste has made another appearance in London. The veteran actress, who is said to "look just the same, and is just as easy and active in her pantomimic movements as when she was the chief support of the great melodramas of the old Adelphi," plays the character of a boy, in Mr. Palgrave Simpson's new piece, *The Watch Dog of the Walsinghams*, which has been produced at the Surrey Theatre. The plot turns on the machinations of a wicked miller, who, having bought a bad title to a fine old English estate, does all he can to keep out the rightful heir, but is ultimately defeated through the zeal and vigilance of a boy (Madame Celeste), who is so attached to the dispossessed family that he is proud to call himself their watch dog. The piece is a success.

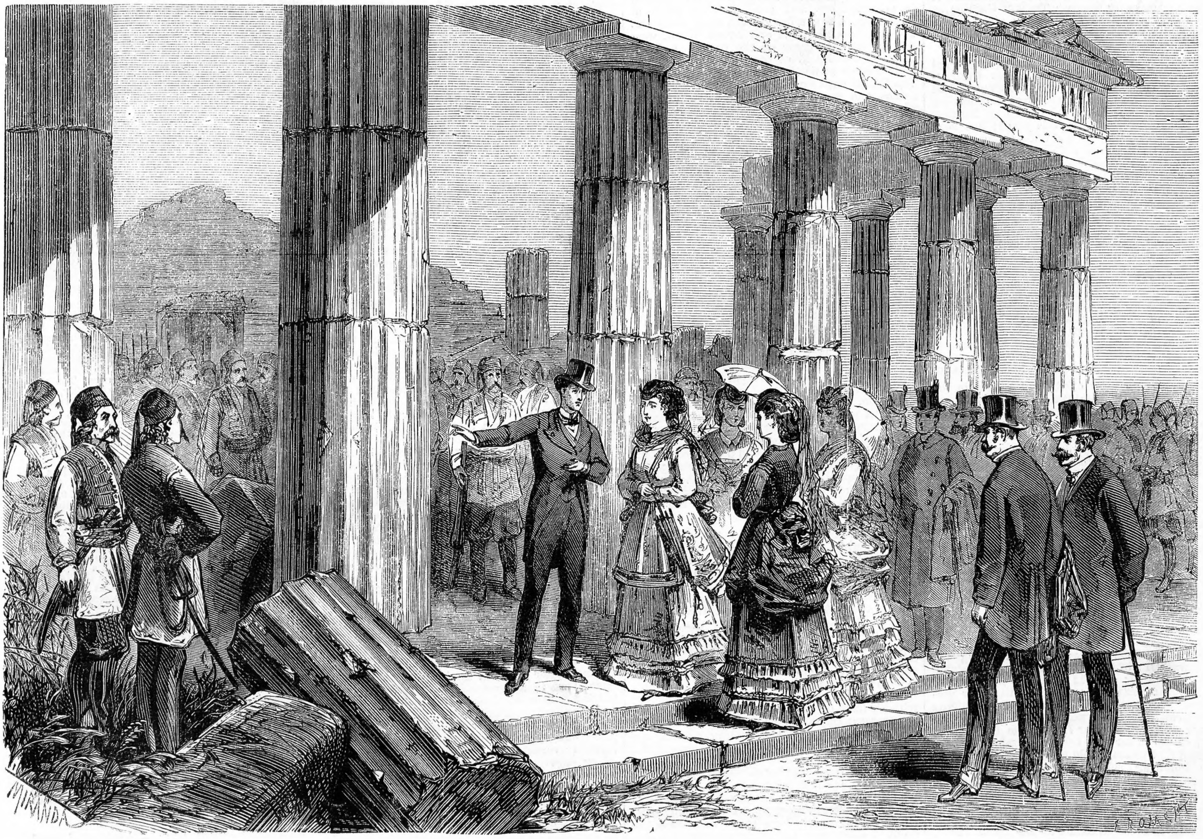
TENNYSON'S MOTTO. — Philadelphia has a society which is named after Tennyson, and it has recently received the following letter:—"Sept. 9, 1869. Dear Sir,—You have done me honour in associating my name with your institution, and you have my hearty good wishes for its success. Will the following Welsh motto be of any service to you? I have it in encrusted tiles on the pavement of my entrance-hall: "Y Gwyr yn erbyn y byd" (The truth against the world). A very old British apothegm, and I think a noble one, and which may serve your purpose either in Welsh or English. Your letter arrived when I was away from England, or would have been earlier answered.—Believe me, yours truly, A. TENNYSON."

Mr. E. W. Ashbee has now produced seven of his fac-simile reprints of rare tracts of our middle period, including the "Assyse of Breade," 1540; "The Prophesie of Mother Shipton;" "The Wyse Chylde of thre yere olde;" "The Actors' Remonstrance," 1643; "The Stage Player's Complaint," 1641; Archy's "Dream," 1641; and "Bartholomew Faire," 1641. He proposes to issue next two works of John Taylor the Water-Poet, "Wandering to see the Wonders of the West," 1649, and "Carriers' Cosmographie," 1637; "The Ordinance for the Utter Abolishing of all Stage Plays," 1647; Edward Webbe's Travels, 1590; "The Debate between Somer and Wynter;" "The Merry conceited Humors of Bottom the Weaver," and the first printed English book that contains any notice of America, "Of the newe landes and of ye people founde by the Messengers of the Kynge of Portyugale named Emanuel," about 1521 A.D.

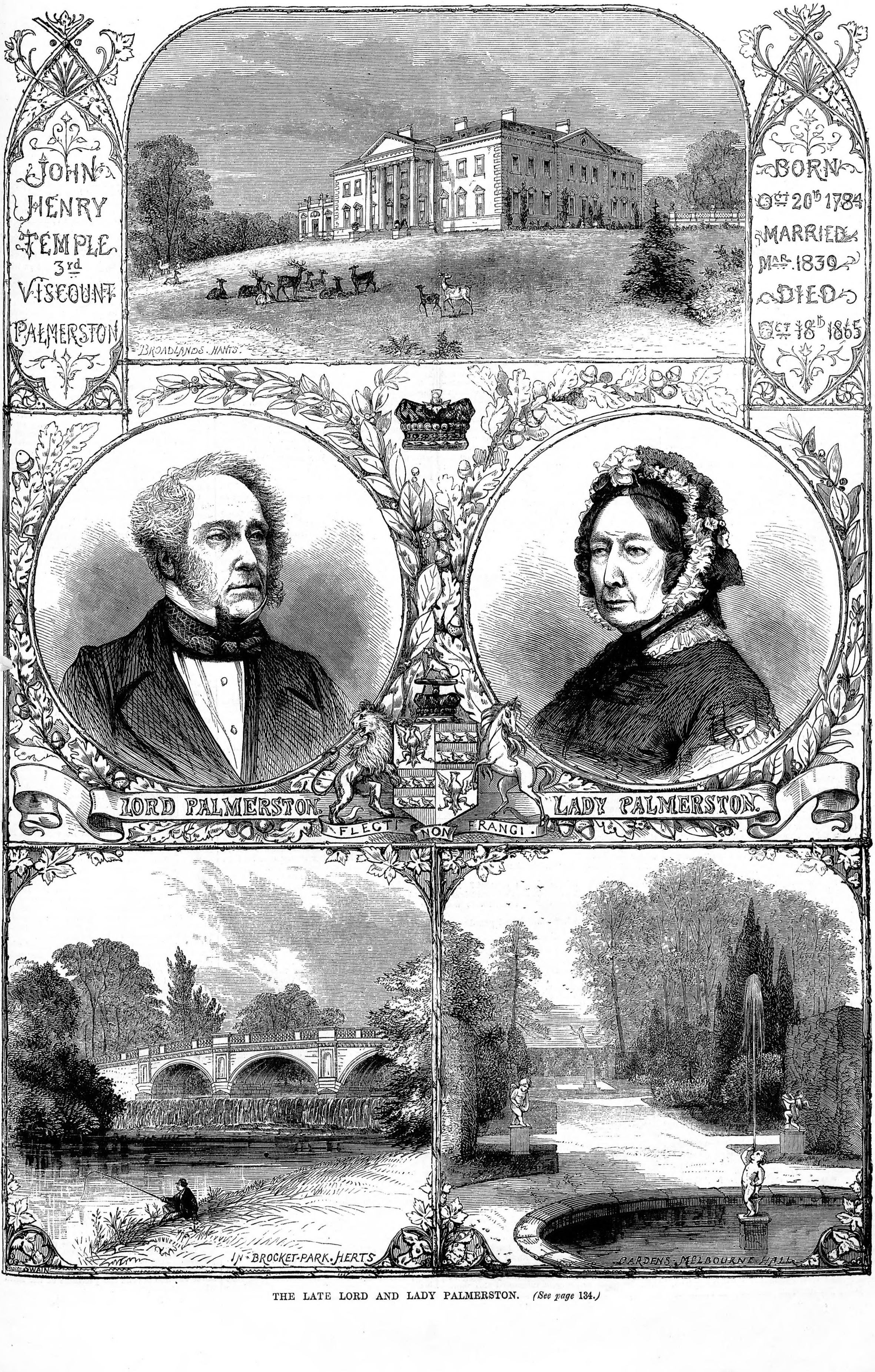
HUMBOLDT ON THE WILL.—In the moral world there is nothing impossible, if we can bring a thorough will to it. Man can do everything with himself, but he must not attempt too much.


LABORATORY AND OFFICES
CHEMICAL MANURE AMMONIA AND VITRIOL WORKS

MESSRS. WEBBS' CHEMICAL WORKS. DIGLIS, WORCESTER. *(See page 144.)*



VISIT OF THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH TO THE PARTHENON. *(See page 136.)*


JOHN HENRY TEMPLE 3rd VISCOUNT PALMERSTON
BROADLANDS. HANTS.
BORN Oct 20th 1784
MARRIED Mar. 1839
DIED Oct 18th 1865
LORD PALMERSTON.
LADY PALMERSTON.
FLECTI NON FRANGI.
IN BROCKET-PARK. HERTS
GARDENS. MELBOURNE HALL
SWAIN

THE LATE LORD AND LADY PALMERSTON. *(See page 134.)*

THE WATCHMAKER'S DAUGHTER.

By MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS,

Authoress of "God's Providence House," "Stung to the Quick," &c.

PART III.

BLIGHTED HOPES.

Not much more communicative than the brass plate on the door was either Jekyl or his wife, although the latter looked wondrously important and intelligent (a human hydraulic pump at high pressure) when Edward Avery thundered at the knocker in Northampton-square and first demanded, then implored, some tidings of the bride so mysteriously spirited off.

The high-pressure engine steamed away, but the well was dry, and all that she brought from the depths was a disclosure of her own discreditable share in the transaction, for which her husband took her to task pretty sharply, even before the unhappy enquirer's face.

"Believe me, Mr. Edward, I knew nothing of this until now," said he; "I'd have been ashamed to owe my prosperity to the ruin of others, brought about by my own's wife's meddling. I would indeed!"

"If this be true, Mr. Jekyl, then you surely will not refuse a clue, however slight, by which I can trace and recover my wife."

"Indeed, but I must! I am downright sorry for you both, now I know the rights of the case. I had no notion you two were married till now. But you see business is business, and this concern only became mine on the condition that I preserved the secret of the old fellow's whereabouts."

"A strange condition," remarked Edward, dubiously.

"So it is, but if you doubt me I can show you the transfer deed."

Jekyl straightway produced the parchment, looking anything but proud of advantages so questionably obtained.

Edward wrung his hands in utter anguish. "What," he exclaimed, in tones of acute torture, "what can be that terrible man's motive in hiding my darling from me? What malevolent design is he carrying out? What cruelty practising against his helpless child? Oh that I had but taken her to my own home at once! If homely, comfort at least is there, comfort such as Emily has never known; she would then have had protectors in my absence."

Mrs. Jekyl had sneaked out of the room a little less triumphant than on her entrance. Jekyl, thoroughly abashed, attempted some extenuation of his own conduct, whilst Edward with his hand to his head sat swaying to and fro in unutterable pain.

"You see, sir," said the apologist, "I had worked for the Vaudubons, father and son, nigh upon thirty year, for they never turned a good workman away if they could help it, and though I dare say I might have got better wages in another place, I knew their ways and kept on looking for a rise. Well, I got one when the old chap hooked it, and I was made foreman. Then I got another when we came to live here, but when Gerhard Vaudubon offered to turn his business over to me I was fair stunned. At first I thought he was joking, but then he never *did* joke, and when I found he was in earnest I was only too glad to take his offer on his own terms. They seemed very liberal, too, for him; but he had a longer head than I, and I find will have a heavy pull at the profits for many a long year to come."

Edward caught at this. "Then you will have to transact business together from time to time—will have to meet him somewhere?"

"Ye-ye-es, yes, certainly," answered the other, hesitatingly.

"Can you not write to him, convey a message or letter from me to him—to my poor dear Emily?"

"Well, there is nothing to hinder my sending a line enclosed in my next, and I tell you what I'll do—if the old chap doesn't come round before then,—when I pay my first instalment I'll do my best to see the poor thing, and give her a chance of letting you know what he's up to. If I wasn't under oath I'd be tempted to split even now."

No more satisfactory answer could the bereaved husband obtain. As he rose to depart Emily's canary gave a faint chirp of recognition.

"Mr. Jekyl," said he, "will you part with that bird? It was my gift to Emily in our happier days; it was her pet."

"Oh, take it and welcome. My mistress hasn't much liking for birds; and if I didn't now and then give a look to it, Miss Emily's fine piper would die of neglect. Besides it has seemed to mope ever since the young lady was carried off."

Edward thanked him and took off the canary to be henceforth petted as if it had been a legacy from the dead, as well by kind Mrs. Avery as himself.

Not being possessed of superfluous means, in spite of his distress, inexorable business called the young traveller back to his deserted post, the firm of Mulberry Leefe and Co. "overlooking his first neglect of duty in consideration of the peculiar circumstances;" but he went like a man walking in his sleep or barely awakened from some terrible dream.

He exhausted his savings in ineffectual enquiries. A carriage with luggage had been seen to drive from Vaudubon's door after dusk; but even a detective failed to discover vehicle or driver. He consulted a solicitor, and learned that the law gave him undoubted possession of his wife *when* he could find and claim her. In all the towns he visited on business, he left full descriptions of the father and daughter with the police; but months rolled on bringing no tidings, no hope, no answers to the pathetic appeals Jekyl good-naturedly transmitted for him,—only to be rebuffed for his interference.

Where was Emily all this time? After the fierce outburst of his wrath consequent on Mrs. Jekyl's second revelation had subsided, Gerhard Vaudubon to all appearance relapsed into his ordinary mood. Mrs. Jekyl was however under instructions not to lose sight of his disobedient daughter for one instant, a rich silk dress being the price of her amateur wardership. To her little mind, this delegated authority was an honourable trust, and she was duly vigilant. Besides, she owed the girl a grudge for want of sociality, and thus stimulated by petty spleen, effectually precluded all possibility of communication between the newly-made wife and her husband or his family.

Emily herself felt the restraint less a hardship then she would have done had Edward been in town; and as her father had resumed his old manner towards her, nay, was kinder than ordinary; she trusted the restriction was but temporary, and that when her dear husband returned matters would be smoothed over. She wrote a letter to the new traveller stating that their marriage was discovered, but forbore to annoy him with details, lest his anxiety should interfere with that efficient management of business on which his future advancement depended. Then she returned to her netting, petting her canary between whiles and patiently waiting the answer which never came.

The bribed milkboy for a higher fee surrendered his trust to the warder, and she to her master.

One evening—the twenty-fifth of June, as she remembered throughout her memorable life—Emily was blandly invited to take a walk with Mrs. Jekyl, and cautioned to wrap herself up well, as the wind was chilly. Desirous to conciliate she consented, with no suspicion of treachery.

It was dark when they returned. A brougham (hired from a distant livery stable) was at the door; it was laden with luggage, which she little thought contained her own wardrobe, packed during her absence. Her father stood with the open door in his hand. Without warning she was hurried forward, in another moment was shut in the brougham with her father, and on her way to the Tower Stairs and the Dunkirk boat.

The rapidity and suddenness with which all this was done paralysed her faculties, and rendered her incapable of resistance, even had time for a thought of resistance been allowed her. Before she had well recovered from her surprise her father spoke, in low taunting tones, audible above all the deafening noise of the streets and the rattle of their carriage wheels:—

"Mrs. Edward Avery—I salute you by your fictitious title for the first and last time—you lay down your temporary wifedom to-night—you resume your maiden name—you have no claim to any other—no claim, do you hear? I hold landed property in France and Switzerland; born in the latter, I am a subject of the former. The "*Code Napoleon*" holds no marriage legal contracted by son or daughter *under age* without the parent's consent. I go to annul your marriage. The beggar who calls you his wife has seen you for the last time! Remember, you were warned: your disobedience brings its own punishment."

Emily shuddered and moaned—"Oh, father, you cannot be so cruel!"

"Cruel? It was *he*, the stripling who stole you like a thief, who was cruel. The infamous scoundrel! to tell *me* I did not value—did not love you. Listen girl. When my wife died I gave you all the love that had been hers—and more—more. I have spent years toiling for you—you—(it was false, he had been a miser from his boyhood)—and now, how do you requite me! Fall in love, forsooth, and marry a man without a shilling; even in face of my prohibition. The knave counted on my money bags too soon. I will disappoint him. Think you I will throw away my hard-earned gold on a beggar? My father's ghost would rise if I did."

Emily sobbed out—"We never knew you were rich, we thought you were poor and over-worked; else why did I earn my own pocket-money?"

"It is a lie, Emily, your allowance was ample! Mark me! In my native land there is a Vaudubon, not over rich, but titled. I meant you to mate with him. The Vaudubon in his chateau might despise the daughter of a poor Clerkenwell watchmaker, however fair, so I added to my hoards daily; laboured to perfect my wondrous watch. At last I succeeded, and the wealthy daughter of Vaudubon *the inventor* was fit to mate with Vaudubon the noble!"

"How could I marry a man I never saw, who never saw me?" remonstrated she in techy gasps. "All this is new to me."

"But not to us. Nor should it be to you. He had your portrait two years back; and it is three months since the Count was last in London, as you must know. His admiration was quite plain enough, if his English was not."

"Oh! I remember now;" she shuddered at the recollection.

"Oh, you do!" Well, I promised you to him, with a fair dower."

Emily murmured, "Without my consent or knowledge!"

"Tush! Who asks a child's consent? Did *you* consult *me?*—I *willed* it, that was sufficient; the nuptials were but deferred until this was finished."

Gerhard drew forth the watch and gazed upon it tenderly.

"It was finished,—my ambition neared fulfilment—and you—you dashed my hopes down without a word—without a thought of the father who was planning to perpetuate his name and make you great."

"Oh, forgive us, father. You were so angry—and we had loved each other so long—and we—we—were afraid," she sobbed out.

"Afraid!" interrupted he with a sneer, "aye, and thought to defeat me by a secret marriage! Defeat—defeat *me*—a man who spent twenty years in the construction of a watch! Such men are never defeated. I will spend twenty more years if it be needed to put this idiotic marriage aside."

"Oh, father, father, you cannot be so cruel!"

The coach stopped.

"Dare by word or sign to attempt resistance to my lawful authority, and take the consequences. No one will presume to interfere between a father and child—but I know how to punish contumacy."

Had he read the thought floating through the girl's mind of an appeal to the bystanders? If so his threat was at once opportune and effectual. Cowed into submission, she was led down the steps to the waterside,—across the gangway—on deck—on to the saloon,—to a berth, stumbling as she went, blind and dizzy with the chaos in her brain.

There she was left in a dazed stupor which bore some affinity to a swoon.

Fortunately or unfortunately the waves were not in the most amiable mood. Emily was an untried sailor; the noise overhead of shuffling feet, the creaking and straining of pulleys and cables, the rattling of chains, the plunging of ballast-weights or luggage, distracted still more her troubled brain; then came that horrible nausea which blots out all other distresses of mind or body.

When after fifteen hours of such discipline the vessel steamed in between the long piers of Dunkirk, Emily was as passive as a ten-years child. The fisherwomen watching for their husbands' boats marked the fair face and drooping form as she left the steamer hanging listlessly on her father's arm, and compassionated her roughly one to another,—but she saw not them. She caught a faint glimpse of white gaiters, a tight waist and blue uniform, as their luggage was hauled into the customs' house for inspection; but how their passports were *viséd*, how long they were detained, or how far they walked in the wake of a woman wheeling a truck with their boxes, before they reached a retired *estaminet*, she was blissfully unconscious.

Bed piled on bed, mattrass above mattrass, soothed the wretched, weary, worn-out creature to repose—repose through which she scented again the sea, the tar, and the weed; heard the hoarse commands of the captain, the surge and dash of the waves, the rattling, creaking, and shuffling upon deck; felt the rolling, swaying, and vibration of the boat; heard her father's low-voiced threats, and then—oblivion. This was broken at length by music, which seemed like that of another world. By the time she was awake the music had ceased. She lay still, only longing to lapse again into unconsciousness. In about fifteen minutes the wondrous music stirred the air again, and then the deep-toned bell followed the three-quarter chime, and the hour was tolled out from Dunkirk Tower.

It was six o'clock: the sun streaming in through the muslin curtains revealed that another day had dawned upon the world, and that she must have slept throughout an afternoon and night. She opened the casement, the breeze fresh from the sea fanned her hot temples and swept back her disordered hair, as one by one she summoned back her wandering wits, and for the first time since the coach door closed upon her and her home coherent thought came to her aid.

Thought shaped itself into prayer—that unfailing refuge of the sad, the helpless, the distressed—and with it came strength and composure. She felt that she was as near to the Ruler of the Universe in France as in England; that whatsoever violence her father might plan, Deity alone could dispose the course of events. Reason and reflection bade her hope. She consoled herself with the assurance that her husband would not sit down tamely under her loss, but follow and bear her back, in spite of opposition.

Poor thing! She could not calculate the deliberate craft which had planned her abduction so as to leave no clue!

Gerhard's hasty summons to breakfast found her prepared. That over, ten minutes' walk, again in the wake of a portress and truck, brought them to the canal side.

A market boat, the "Jean Bart," laden with chattering women and their commodities, was on the point of starting for Bergues, an old fortified town about eleven miles from Dunkirk, on the way to Lille and Douai. A few sous secured their passage, and soon Emily, roused from her apathy by the novelty of the scene, found herself an object of general observation.

The serene madonna-like faces of these country women attracted her attention in turn; the smoothly-banded hair under closely fitting white caps, the coloured cotton kerchiefs primly pinned across their busts, the short dark linsey skirts, neat leather shoes and grey stockings, the universal hooded cloak of blue cloth thrown back in deference to the heat, contrasted strangely in her English eyes with the gold chains, crosses, finger rings, and long ear-pendants worn with such profusion. With this transient observation ended her interest in her fellow passengers; and as she watched the gurgling water lap the sides of the vessel bearing them so calmly to their destiny, she relapsed into sadness and melancholy.

Not transient however was the interest she herself awakened. In the first place she was English, the child of a detested race; in the second she had embarked with marked reluctance, under compulsion, and in evident fear of her dark, square-faced, keen-eyed companion, whose features not less than his tongue proclaimed him kin to France, if not of it; thirdlv, she was young and undoubtedly in trouble; a fact these simple women no sooner mastered than one after another lifted her rosary and said an "*Ave*" for the stranger, albeitan alien.

Three months later the same lips followed the same sad woman with hisses and execrations.

As the white gables of Bergues nestling under the shadows of convent and odd pepper-box-mounted church loomed in the distance, the sluggish motion of the gaily-painted barge came to a temporary pause at a lock; there a man and woman were in waiting, and there Gerhard intimated his intention to land. The man, whom he called Antoine, stepped on board for the luggage, but there being more than he could manage even with the help of the travellers, a passenger stepped out of the cabin and volunteered his assistance to carry monsieur's "baggage" for a small gratuity, an offer accepted only after some chaffering on the part of Gerhard, whose money stuck fast to his fingers always.

He was a short, thick-set man, strong and muscular, who shouldered a heavy box and a carpet bag with an ease which called forth some remark from Emily.

In reply to a consequent question of Vaudubon's, he said that was nothing to the sacks of flour he lifted daily; and pointing across the level plain to one of the many windmills, observed that he worked for Jean Malmedy the miller, and that his own name was Paul Verhamme, that he and his master were Belgians both.

He was very communicative; but Emily, on whose ears his speech fell like so much jargon, regarded him, to say the least, with disfavour, and kept close by the side of the female, whom Gerhard addressed as Madame Brille.

For a little way their road lay under the shade of the straggling poplars by the canal side, then they struck into a bye path amongst the low fringe of bushes, which led across the open country to a solitary farm house hid in a perfect bower of fruit trees.

Here preparations had evidently been made to receive them, and here the man Paul lingered longer than was at all necessary, officiously undertaking to carry his load to its ultimate resting-place; and Emily afterwards remembered that his glance wandered round the room as if taking an inventory of its contents, from the handsome bed and the French clock under its glass shade to the clothless table, straight-backed chairs and square stove. She was glad, she knew not why, when he was gone.

Next morning Gerhard informed his daughter in a cold business-like fashion that until her English marriage was dissolved and one more to his liking contracted that farm would be her home.

"If you want employment Madame Brille will find you plenty. Books are in your luggage. I wish to place no more restraint on your movements than I can avoid. You are free to wander in the neighbourhood, for without money and without passport escape is impossible."

It was in vain she tried to move him, appealed to his love for her dead mother; but that had never been a very strong passion, and her eloquence was lost.

She made the most of the liberty accorded her, and went out. Antoine, on a ladder reared against a tree, was gathering cherries. She asked her way to the town she saw about a mile off, its name she did not know. The Clerkenwell school had not numbered French amongst its accomplishments; and her father had invariably used English in his intercourse with her. Antoine spoke no English; so, after much jabbering and gesticulation, she left the garden to find her way as best she might.

Not that she was curious to explore the quaint, quiet, behind-the-time market town, but she knew that the more she was seen abroad the more likely was she to be found in that quest on which she depended.

Once or twice she lost her way amongst intersecting paths, but the country was open, with no dense foliage to bewilder, and she came at length upon a highway, between thin ragged hedges, with a brook wimpling along its course. Following that, she reached the Octroi Gate, and, straying through, entered the town. Mastering her timidity, she addressed several persons, but was answered in an unintelligible patois. But, indeed, had she spoken Parisian French she might not have been in much better plight, for in Bergues, as in other places on the Belgian frontier, only the upper classes speak French; the tradespeople use a mixed patois, whilst the commonality speak Flemish, or rather Walloon.

Guided by a railway whistle, and one or two bustling people in travelling gear, she found her way to the platform of the little railway station. And there, day after day, she might have been seen peering curiously into carriages and passengers' faces, hoping, with a faith which grew fainter with the passing weeks, to see an English face she knew—the face dear above all others.

Could the true heart worrying Jekyl from day to day but have divined how near she was, what crime, what agony had haply been averted!

Few English visited Bergues: that Vaudubon well knew; it had no attractions for idlers or sight-seers, was too hot in summer, too bleak in winter, for invalids; was so close at hand that supposing Avery to possess means to institute a search, it would certainly be overlooked, whilst Switzerland as his birthplace would be the ground scrutinized. Besides which, he owned the farm and other property in the neighbourhood, and—living was cheap.

Weeks went by. Emily grew thinner and paler as she lost hope. She would have dropped a letter in the *Poste-restante*, could she have compassed the means. Neither pen, ink, or paper lay in her way, and she had no money, not a sous. All precautions had been taken, She strove to move Madame Brille, but, however well that matron contrived to understand her new inmate on domestic matters, she became obtuse on anything beyond, and her broken English broke off altogether whenever an appeal for writing materials was made to her. Her father was immoveable.

Bent on dissolving his daughter's marriage, Gerhard Vandubon consulted various legal authorities. Dissatisfied with the opinion of one, he flew to another, only to learn that he had exceeded his province: that born in England of an English mother, himself naturalized, she was herself an English subject and not amenable to the French law of marriage. Every fresh confirmation of his error served to exasperate him more, but with an obstinate persistence worthy a better cause, he resolved to withhold his wife from Edward Avery until forced to resign her, trusting to his own precautions to make that a distant chance.

He was likewise endeavouring to secure a patent in France as well as in England for his watch, which he had entered in the list of articles to be shown at the Paris Exhibition the following year. These and other business transactions called him from home and Bergnes frequently, but on such occasions Emily was not permitted to stray far beyond the farm without the attendance of Antoine or Pierre, a farmer-lad.

On one of these occasions Emily secreted what few trinkets she possessed, and doubled her under garments, as far as was practicable without danger of exciting by bulk the suspicions of Argus-eyed Madame Brille, resolved on an effort to free herself; since watchful Antoine was away with his master.

She had picked up odd words and phrases which might serve her turn, and hoped if she could only reach Dunkirk to sell her small stock of jewelry, purchase means to communicate with Edward, and wait his coming in some unsuspected retreat. True the trinkets had either been her mother's, or the gift of her lover, but if they served to re-unite her to her beloved husband they would be well sold.

Accordingly with a nod to Madame Brille, who sat at the open casement preparing vegetables for the *pot-au-feu*, she sauntered out.

Madame Brille's seat commanded a wide sweep of country, and only the belt of coppice which bordered the canal hid the towing-path from view. Aware of this, the better to mislead her *duenna*, Emily Avery bent her steps on through the town itself, believing the detour better than the risk of being followed.

She lost thus half-an-hour. In that half-hour the issues of freedom or captivity, life or death, were balanced.

—Within a mile of Dunkirk, whilst she was resting on a stone under the shadow of a bush, congratulating herself on her escape, a larger shadow came between her and the glaring sun. She lifted her head; her father and Antoine were passing. They saw her. The rest is soon told.

She was forced back, and from that day was never suffered beyond the precincts of the farm without an escort.

(To be concluded next week.)

NOTES ON THE JOURNALS.

Another literary sensation has turned up at last. It is "L' Homme ui Rit," Victor Hugo's latest work. There has been a long simmering curiosity about the story. The proprietors of the *Gentleman's Magazine* have begun to satisfy this popular craving. They are the publishers and owners of the only English translation. The story has dragged somewhat slowly in their magazine until this month; and now that we begin to get into the marrow of it, the *Times* comes out with a crushing review of four columns. The reviewer attacks the translation which is appearing in the *Gentleman's;* the translator replies; there is a bright bit of controversy, which gives quite a zest to the romance itself. Dropped out of the *Times*, Mr. Swinburne and the *Telegraph* take up the subject, and literary London is in a controversial ferment. Meanwhile the story goes on, and the Editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* promises that we shall not be shocked with objectionable details. Materfamilias and Pater therefore need not fear for the morals of their household. The *Gentleman's Magazine* is still to be a publication for the lady as well as the gentleman, despite the story of "The Grinning Man."

At last Mr. Gladstone has thought it wise, judicious, and patriotic, to unsheath the naked sword of Justice, and flash the blade with a firm hand before the Irish conspirators. In reply to Mr. O'Shea, chairman of the Limerick Amnesty Society, Mr. Gladstone has, in a statesmanlike letter, refused to release the Fenian prisoners.

"It has been our desire" (Mr. Gladstone proceeds) "to carry out clemency, and the minor offenders have been discharged. But with regard to the release of the principal leaders and organisers, our first duty is to consider, not the overwhelming power with which future crime could be repressed, and still less the satisfaction always attendant on concession to demands that have sprung from a generous compassion, but the paramount obligation of securing in their peaceful occupations the loyal mass of the community throughout those countries, on whom we have to call for the efforts and sacrifices necessary to maintain the social system and to ensure the performance of the duties connected with the administration of justice. To rise, or to incite to insurrection, against the Government of this country, and against the public order, is ever to be regarded as a great crime; to permit it would be one not less great. The administration can have no interest except the interest of duty in its punishment. To consider the time and circumstances of remission is a charge which we must not evade by attempting to devolve it upon others. Were public mischief to arise in consequence of an ill-judged act of indulgence, wishes expressed even by large numbers of the people would not avail to excuse the advisers of the Crown, or to relieve them in any degree of their responsibility."

We trust this policy will be persevered in. Great Britain enjoys sufficient liberty to make every honest man jealous of the slightest pandering to license. With the broadest views in favour of popular meetings and constitutional agitation, every true lover of his country must have an uncompromising feeling against traitors and rebels.

Let the North of England beware! Freethinkers and pious people who read freethought books "on the sly" are about to be bought and sold. There is a clever commercial author waiting to make his fortune out of northern weakness. The other day an advertisement appeared for a canvasser in the book trade. One of the applicants who seems to have struck the advertiser as a man likely to become a valuable ally, received the following answer to his letter:—

"Sir,—A vast number of applications have been made for the situation of canvasser and deliverer. Among the few selected for communication is yours.

You ask terms. These are to pay the proprietor 8s. per vol. for a work, and sell at 12s. 6d.; and 6d. for another smaller book, and sell at 1s.; thus giving more than 60 per cent. profit. These are the present proposed terms, but there are other new works soon to come out on which the commission *may* be a little different.

There are *now* of books ready (by the same author) the value of upwards of £2000, and of this sum there will be nearly £700 paid as commission. I do not hesitate to state that, if I went to the North of England (where free-thinkers of every grade are swarming), as canvasser, &c., I would sell all the books, and net the commission, in less than six months.

There will be a profusion of prospectuses, and reviews of the work, and even lists of the names of free-thinkers in each district given to the canvassers. He will have to call principally on gentlemen, or, at least, persons able to buy and pay down for a book 12s. 6d., which is very different from delivering 6d. and 1s. numbers. A vast number of nominal Christians like to buy such books "on the sly," and would not like to order them publicly through their booksellers at home. Therefore the canvasser will have to use his tact, *if possessed of any*. The books now sell through the publisher remarkably well; but it is wished to push the sale further, and clear off what is on hand. A person could do an excellent trade in freethought books *for life*, now that they are allowed ts be openly sold, and a great demand for them. This is a new trade—no opposition, as yet, in it.

When I shall have further proof of your likelihood to suit, I shall give you the name of the books, of the principals, and all other particulars.

Perhaps you will answer the following queries:—

1. What is your age?
2. Are you married?
3. What are the names and addresses of the two persons in whose employ you have last been?
4. Can you send me your photograph?

Our object is to fix on a canvasser whom we need not change, which would be very disadvantageous to us when he once has learnt the *modus operandi*, and would do him no good. And I must tell you that, if you cannot make up your mind to follow the sale of freethought books, permanently, *if you find it answer*, you had better not enter upon it at all. But I am *certain* that in this line a man may get a deal of money, and, in a short time, creep up to a high and respectable position.

I have written much longer to you than to any other applicant—have entered much more into particulars—because your letter shows you to be better informed, possessed of more sense, and to be more likely to suit, particularly for the North of England, than any of the other applicants.

If you should think further of the engagement, write to me *as before* (once more at least), to the following address."

A curious letter truly, but hardly complimentary to the North of England. The advertiser's cleverness has overreached itself. It must be a new light to him in the study of character that the man whom he selects for his confidence should be the first to expose his designs upon the free-thinkers and "sly Christians" of the North. "First catch your hare." The North is a difficult and ticklish customer. He is not to be "had" so easily as the inventor of this "new trade" in literature imagines.

THE POLICE COURTS.

A FRENCH TEACHER STEALING BOOKS.

At the Surrey Sessions, on Thursday, Francois Le Garde, French Master at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar Schools, Horselydown, pleaded guilty to stealing several French dictionaries and other school books, belonging to the scholars under his tuition. Mr. Hurrell, for the prosecution, said the prisoner was engaged in July, 1868, as French master, having been fifteen years in another establishment, where he had borne a first-rate character. The trustees of the school were extremely sorry to appear as prosecutors, but they were bound to do so for the protection of the schools. They, however, with the permission of the Court, strongly recommended him to mercy. Mr. Lilley, on behalf of the prisoner, said it was with great pain and reluctance he advised him to plead guilty. He had been lately oppressed by a loss of £200, and suffering a painful disease, which, entailing a great expense, placed him in pecuniary difficulties. He had testimonials from Lord Donoughmore, the Hon. Mr. Thesiger, Mr. Leslie, M.P., and other distinguished persons, who all spoke in high terms of his ability and character. The Chairman told the prisoner that the Court took the case into their merciful consideration by sentencing him to two months' confinement in the common gaol.

THE STOLEN CHILD AND HER NURSE.

Some particulars of the abduction and restoration of Col. Hickie's child were given last week. The nurse, Elizabeth Barry, has since been charged before the Maidenhead Magistrates with abduction. She had told one of Col. Hickie's servants that "she had not done with Mrs. Hickie yet." When the prisoner was apprehended at Liverpool, she said she had taken the child as a companion, and that she was going to settle in Liverpool. The prisoner being called upon for her defence, explained the threat she had used that she had not done with Mrs. Hickie to mean that she intended to enter into the particulars about something unpleasant occurring in the kitchen before she left. Mrs. Hickie said she was not fit for service, and she therefore resolved not to go into another situation, but to take a parlour and commence dressmaking. She was grieved to leave the child, because she loved it so, and did not think of the grief of its parents, or she would not have done it. She had sought the assistance of a priest with a view to return the child, but he declined to interfere. On Sunday last she wrote to Mrs. Hickie, telling her where the child was. She had addressed and stamped the letter, and was about to take it to the post-office, when the detective called; to him she handed the letter. She was very sorry for what she had done. She was committed for trial.

A THIEVES' HAUNT.

Ann Gilligan, an elderly woman with white hair, was summoned, under the 10th clause of the Habitual Criminals Act, for knowingly permitting and suffering thieves to meet and assemble in her house, No. 2, Angel Court, Shadwell. The character given of the house was very remarkable. Robberies and outrages of every description had been perpetrated there, the prisoner was proved to be cohabiting with a notorious thief, and both had been frequently convicted of felony. During prohibited hours it was alleged malt liquors and spirits could be purchased from the defendant. In answer to the charge the prisoner pleaded that she did not keep a lodging-house, but a common brothel. She acknowledged cohabiting with a thief, and admitted she was one herself, but urged that there were many others equally bad. The prosecution she attributed to vindictive motives on the part of Sergeant Stimpson, of the K division, because she refused to divide 10s. with him, which she received from a sea captain for the restoration of his papers. This accusation, the reporter states, was investigated, and turned out to be totally unfounded. Mr. Paget said he had no doubt whatever of the vile character of the prisoner, and that her abominable den was the harbour of thieves and reputed thieves. He convicted her in the full penalty, £10, and in default of payment to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for two months, and to find sureties in the sum of £20 to keep the peace and be of good behaviour for six months. The prisoner was committed.

SIR CULLING EARDLEY IN TROUBLE AGAIN.

Sir Eardley Gideon Culling Eardley is again "in trouble." On Thursday he was charged at the Guildhall Police-court, before Alderman Finnis, with obtaining various sums of money by false pretences. Frederick Humphries said he was a carpet manufacturer carrying on business in King Edward-street. He first became acquainted with the prisoner at Southall Railway Station on Sunday afternoon last. He came up to him and said, "Do you know how Lord Derby is?" and he replied "No; but I can find out by telegraphing to Paddington." The prisoner said he knew Col. Talford, and he was anxious to know how Lord Derby was. He invited witness to go to his hotel, the Prince Alfred Hotel, at Southall, and he did so. In the course of conversation the prisoner found out that he (witness) had a house at Southall, and he said he should like to see it. He stated that he was going to buy a large mansion from Mr. Chater of the London Tavern, and he was going to get it through Messrs. Jackson and Graham, of Oxford-street, who were large customers of his. They went to his house after that, and he introduced the prisoner to two of his friends. On the following day, about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, the prisoner called at his office in the City and said he wanted some money. He stated that his bank was the London and County at Peterborough, and asked witness to exchange a cheque for £5 with him, which he did. On Sunday he had told him that he was Lieut.-Colonel Lefevre, and the cheque produced for £5 he wrote in his presence, and signed it "H. C. Lefevre." Witness paid the cheque into his banker's, and it was returned to him unpaid. The cheque he gave in return for it had been returned through his bankers paid. The prisoner was remanded.

THE JESTER.

The "woman question:" What shall I get for a fall bonnet?—The "man question:" Where shall I get money enough to pay for it?

Elwes, the noted miser, used to say, "If you keep one servant, your work is done; if you keep two, it is half done; and if you keep three, you may *do it yourself*."

Sir John Germain was so ignorant that he is said to have left a legacy to Sir Matthew Decker as the *author* of St. Matthew's Gospel.

Boswell dining one day with Dr. Johnson, asked him if he did not think that a good cook was more essential to the community than a good poet. "I don't suppose," said the doctor, "that there's a *dog* in the town but what thinks so."

A fellow boasting in company of his family, declared even his own father died in an exalted situation. Some of the company looking incredulous, another observed—"I can bear testimony to the gentleman's veracity, as my father was sheriff for the county when his was *hanged* for horse-stealing."

A celebrated quack, while holding forth on a stage at Chelmsford, in order to promote the sale of his medicine, told the people that he came there for their good, and not for want. And then, addressing his Merry Andrew, "Andrew," said he, "do we come here *for want?*" "No, faith, sir," replied Andrew, "we have *enough* of that at home."

When the Duke of York (son of George III.) was Commander-in-Chief, among the officers presented to him was General England, remarkable for his enormous height and the bulk of his limbs. "England!" cried the Duke, to his aide-de-camp, as the General left the apartment. "By George! he ought to be called *Great Britain*, with the 'Calf of Man' to boot!"

One of the difficulties of the English language may be illustrated by the two following lines, where the combination of the letters "ough" is pronounced in no less than seven different ways—as *o*, *uf*, *of*, *up*, *ou*, *oo*, and *och*:—

"Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me
through,
O'er life's dark lough my course I still pursue."

A loving husband once waited on a physician to request him to prescribe for his wife's eyes, which were very sore. "Let her wash them," said the doctor, "every morning with a glass of brandy." A few weeks after, the doctor chanced to meet the husband. "Well, my friend, has your wife followed my advice?" "She has done everything in her power to do it, doctor," said the spouse, "but she never could get the glass *higher than her mouth*."

Dryden's description of wit is excellent. He says:—

"A thousand different shapes wit wears,
Comely in thousand shapes appears;
'Tis not a tale, 'tis not a jest,
Admired with laughter at a feast;
Nor florid talk, which can this title cain,—
The proofs of wit for ever must remain."

"We don't sell spirits," said a law-evading beer-seller; "we will give you a glass; and then, if you want a biscuit, we'll sell it to you for three ha'pence." The "good creature" was handed down, a stiff glass swallowed, and the landlord handed his customer a biscuit. "Well, no, I think not," said the customer; "you sell 'em too dear. I can get lots of 'em *five or six* for a penny anywhere else."

Among the many English who visited Paris in 1815 was Alderman Wood, who had previously filled the office of Lord Mayor of London. He ordered a hundred visiting cards, inscribing upon them, "Alderman Wood, *feu Lord Moire de Londres*," which he distributed amongst people of rank, having translated the word "late" into "*feu*," which we need hardly state means "dead."

Mr. Rogers was requested by Lady Holland to ask Sir Philip Francis whether he was the author of Junius. The poet approached the knight, "Will you, Sir Philip,—will your kindness excuse my addressing to you a single question?" "At your peril, sir!" was the harsh and the laconic answer. The intimidated bard retreated to his friends, who eagerly asked him the result of his application. "I don't know," he answered, "whether he is *Junius;* but, if he be, he is certainly *Junius Brutus*,"

An artist, named Forfeit, having some job to do for Foote, got into a foolish scrape about *the antiquity of family* with another artist, who gave him such a drubbing as confined him to his bed for a considerable time. "Forfeit! Forfeit!" said Foote, "why, surely you have the best of the argument; your family is not only *several thousand years old*, but at the same time *the most numerous* of any on the face of the globe, on the authority of Shakespeare:—

"All the souls that are, were *Forfeit* once."

When General V—— was quartered in a small town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly besieged as they got into their carriage by an old beggar-woman, who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh importunities. One morning as Mrs. V. stepped into the carriage, the woman began—"Oh, my lady! success to your ladyship, and success to your honour's honour: for sure I did not *dream* last night that her ladyship gave me a pound of tea, and your honour gave me a pound of tobacco."—"My good woman," said the general, "dreams go by the rule of contrary?"—"Do they so?" rejoined the old woman; "then it must mean that your honour will give me *the tea*, and her ladyship *the tobacco*."

Quin and Foote being reconciled to each other after a long estrangement, Foote said, "Quin, I can't be happy till I tell you one thing." "Tell it, then, and be happy, Sam." "Why," rejoined Foote, "you lately said that I had only one shirt, and that I lay in bed while it was washed." "I never said it," replied Quin, "and I'll soon convince you that I never could have said it—I never thought you had a shirt to wash."

Were I court-plaster, I would be
A patch upon her lip,
And spend my life in ecstasy,
And sip, and sip, and sip!

Were I a pair of spectacles,
How dearly would I prize
A situation on her nose,
To gaze into her eyes!

In view of the continually increased recurrence of railway accidents, the following resolution should be adopted by the Legislature:—"Whereas, human flesh and blood are not valued upon railways so highly as they should be, and this is one of the chief reasons why accidents occur—Be it enacted, therefore, that no signalman, or guard, or any other ervant, shall work on any railway more than eight hours in the twenty-four, which constitute a day. Be it enacted further that, with the view to the encouragement of proper care and caution, directors shall be personally liable for damages, to be assessed according to the schedule here annexed:

SCHEDULE.

A Black Eye	£3
A Jammed Finger	6
A Bruised Funnybone	30
A Sprained Ankle	60
A Fractured Rib	120
A Broken Leg	250

Be it enacted, also, that in case of loss of life an annuity of not less than one hundred pounds a year shall be paid by the directors out of their own pockets, and not those of their shareholders, to each child of the deceased, together with a pension of two hundred pounds a year to the widower or widow of deceased, if such survive."

MARKETS.

CORN.—Mark Lane, Monday.—The market was firm, and last Monday's advance was well maintained. There was a good show of foreign wheat. The trade was quiet, at about late rates. The supply of barley was moderate. On the whole the demand was quiet. Malt sold slowly, on former terms. Oats were in request, at an advance of 6d. per qr. compared with this day se'nnight. The flour market was firm, although the business done was only moderate. Prices were steady.

CATTLE.—Metropolitan Market, Monday.—There were increased supplies of stock on sale, and the trade ruled less active for both beasts and sheep. Prices of dead meat were reported lower, which caused a drooping tendency in the quotations. There was a number of English sheep, but only a small proportion of foreign, the greater part of the arrivals having been detained at the wharves. The trade was influenced by the large number of sheep to be sold at the water side. A reduction of fully 2d per stone took place in all breeds, and best Southdowns and half-breds may now be quoted at 5s. 6d. per 8lbs. Calves were in fair request, but pigs met a dull sale.

HOPS.—London, Monday.—A firmer feeling has prevailed in the hop market. For home growth there has been a good demand, and prices have been well maintained, especially for fine samples. which have occasionally realised a short improvement.—Worcester, Saturday.—There was a considerable falling off in the supply of new hops, and choice samples are becoming scarce, consequently the few on offer realise a little more money. Low priced hops were in request, but medium samples were without alteration. There were several lots of yearlings on offer, but there was little demand for them. Low and medium, 90s. to 115s.; fine and choice, 120s. to 125s. per cwt.

REGISTER OF BANKRUPTS.

Samuel Broom and Francis L. Broom, Kidderminster, Worcestershire, worsted spinners.—Thomas G. Willard, Rugby, licensed victualler.—James Pearman, Birmingham, pork butcher.—Richard Oakley and William Brown, Shrewsbury, millers.—Benjamin Robinson, Nottingham, coal dealer.—Charles Bates, Appleby, Leicestershire, grocer.—William Tomlinson, Hanley, grocer.—Louisa Gittins, Wolverhampton, baker.—Henry Eaton, Cradley Heath, ironfounder.—George E. Brown, Beeston, Nottinghamshire, draper.—Henry James, Nottingham, cotton dealer.—William Dodson and John Waterman, Wragby, Lincolnshire, cordwainers.—Alfred Morris, Clay Cross, Derbyshire, tailor.—George Taylor, Littlemoor, Derbyshire, shopkeeper.—Samuel P. Emery, Wednesfield.—Henry Job Evans, Leominster, grocer.—Joseph Hancock, Kidsgrove.—John Turner, Birmingham, writing clerk.—James Weaver, Wolverhampton, licensed victualler.—George Windsor, Wednesbury, grocer.

DEATHS.

PRIME.—October 14th, at 28, Summer Hill Terrace, Birmingham, Walter James, the beloved son of Thomas and Elizabeth Prime, aged six months.

CRAIG.—October 27th, aged 26 years, Alexander Johnstone, son of James Craig, of Gooch-street, Birmingham; deeply regretted.

MILLS.—October 23rd, of scarlet fever, in her 14th year, Sarah Jane, the eldest daughter of Mr. J. Mills, of Kingston-row, Birmingham.

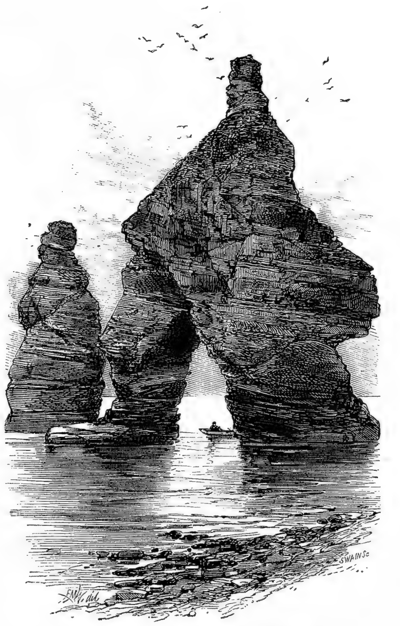
A BEAUTIFUL LOVE STORY.

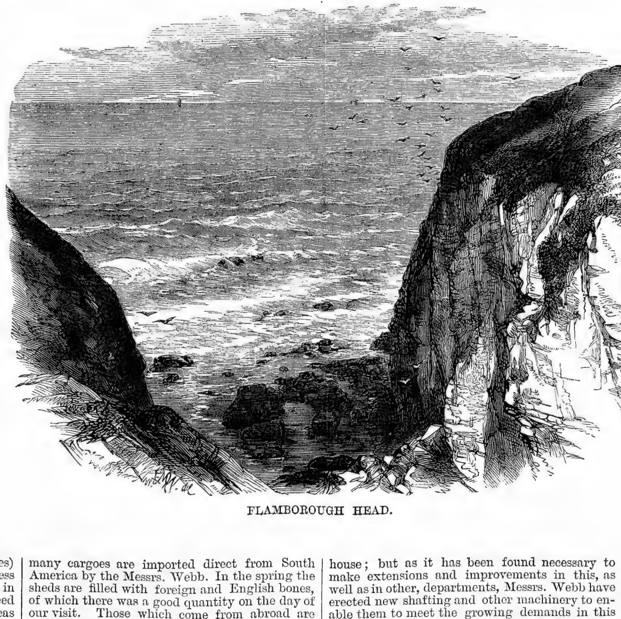
The Count de St. Croix, belonging to one of the noblest and wealthiest families of France, became engaged, after a long courtship, to a lady his equal in position and fortune, and famous for her beauty. Shortly after the happy day was appointed which was to render two loving hearts one, the count was ordered immediately to the siege of Sebastopol; so he girded on his sabre, and at the head of his regiment he marched on to the battlefield. During the count's absence it happened that his beautiful affianced had the small-pox; and hovering between life and death, she recovered, but found her beauty hopelessly lost. The disease had assumed, in her case, the most virulent character, and left her not only disfigured, but seamed and scarred to such a frightful extent that she became hideous to herself, and resolved to pass the remainder of her days in the strictest seclusion. A year passed away, when one day the count, immediately on his return to France, accompanied by his valet, presented himself at the residence of his betrothed and solicited an interview. This was refused. He, however, with the persistence of a lover, pressed the suit, and finally the lady made her appearance, very closely muffled in a veil. At the sound of her voice, the count rushed forward to embrace her, but stepping aside, she tremblingly told him the story of her sorrow, and burst into tears. A heavenly smile broke over the count's handsome features, as, raising his hand above, he exclaimed: "It is God's work! I am blind!" It was even so. When gallantly leading his regiment to the attack, a cannon-ball passed so closely to his eyes that, while it left their expression unchanged and his countenance unmarked, it robbed him for ever of sight. It is unnecessary to add that their marriage was shortly solemnized. It is said that, at this day, may be often seen at the Emperor's receptions an officer leaning upon the arm of a lady closely-veiled, and they seem to be attracted to the spot by their love of music.

Birmingham Theatre Royal.—The Haymarket company concluded their five nights' engagement at this Theatre on Friday night, when *Babes in the Wood* and *High Life Below Stairs* were presented for Mr. Buckstone's benefit. There was a crowded house, and both pieces were well received, though one is only particular for its intense dreariness, and the other comes in that category of plays which are rather too coarse in parts for modern audiences. Mr. Buckstone made a short address, in which, after warmly thanking his friends for their support, he announced his intention of bringing the company to Birmingham again next year. Saturday night was devoted to a performance by the stock company; and on Monday Mr. T. C. King, a tragedian who has reached a high position amongst his contemporaries, commenced a short starring engagement, supported by the company. Mr. King has appeared as "Hamlet," "Othello," "Don Cæsar," &c., in all of which he sustained his reputation as an actor of great ability and versatile genius. Miss Desborough has played the principal female characters throughout the week with her accustomed excellence; Miss Clara Burchell, as "Emilia" in *Othello*, (the only part in which we had an opportunity of seeing her) showed an appreciation which is not common of the text, and acted with discrimination; and the other members of the company may be awarded general commendation. On the three last days of next week, as elsewhere announced, Italian opera will be represented.

ON THE YORKSHIRE COAST.

Few tourists of sketching propensities who visit the Yorkshire coast come away without drawings of Flamborough Head and the King and Queen Rocks, both of which we engrave this week. The headland of Flamborough itself is disappointing, being much lower than the cliffs, which on both sides trend away from it, as is the case at the Land's End, which is least picturesque at the extreme point. The view looking seaward is extremely grand at any time—during a calm as well as a storm. Not the least interesting, especially to those whose pursuits tend towards ornithology, are the sea-birds—the rock-pigeons that sweep under the precipices "like bits of torn paper fluttering at their own wild will," the gulls, puffins, guillemots, and other varieties. These were until very recently the prey of cockney visitors, and tourists from the neighbouring manufacturing towns; who, with borrowed guns and pistols, played havoc with the inoffensive birds—massacring them by thousands out of sheer wantonness, not troubling to take up the feathered victims, but allowing them to fly off wounded or die in the sea. But thanks to a few humane members of Parliament, an Act for the Preservation of Seabirds became law last session, and the barbarous "sport" is now, we hope, in a great measure prevented. Flamborough is the home of many rare English birds—the spotted eagle, hoopoe, Polish swan, gannet, woodcock, owl, goatsucker, peregrine falcon, and others. The fishermen along this part of the coast are largely engaged in the herring fishery. Ida's sons, says a contemporary writer, with fifty ships, are said to have landed at Flamborough; and it is here we may best fancy the rough yellow-haired sea-dogs surrounding their high-peaked galleys, the leaders' shields hung round the bulwarks, and over all the raven flag of Odin fluttering in the breeze, but too often the signal for fire, and rapine, and desolation. As for the natives of Flamborough, all of them either fishermen or fish contractors, they are manly, civil fellows, nature's gentlemen, who will enchant a visitor, provided he be not a snob. You see and hear amongst them none of Falstaff's "cat-a-mountain looks, red-lattice phrases, and bold-beating oaths," except (as one of them confessed) on very exceptional Saturday nights. It is a comfort to find that the simple-hearted independent character generally ascribed to fishermen has not everywhere lapsed into the cringing rapacity too common at fashionable watering-places. Near Flamborough village are six low platforms surmounted by curious posts and chains, not guillotines, as one might fancy, but weighing places for fish. Indeed everywhere are perceived the evidences of this staple traffic: all sights, sounds, and smells are fishy; fish of all kinds is set before you at your meals; the gulls flap round, waiting, the men will tell you, "for the *refusal* of the fish;" the very vane on the top of the old church is fashioned into a fish; nets, sails, and wonderful sea-going garments of roomy dimensions lie at every doorway, tanned brown with "terra japonica," and glistening with fish-scales. The population, being amphibious, appear to enjoy rain as much as sunshine. Then the transition from woollen jerseys to macintoshes and sou'-westers is universal, and gives the stranger the impression a recent addition of two bells to the single one in the church belfry produced in a fisherman, who remarked—"it maks the place like another toon." Who gave the "King and Queen" rocks their appropriate appellation we are unaware. The supposed monarchs have not that majestic contour which we are accustomed to look for in Royalty; but it would be absurd to cavil at their names for such a poor reason as this. Their cavernous appearance is caused, as need hardly be said, by the sea, which gradually washes away the hardest parts of the rock; then the roofs fall in, the sides remain, and you have a naturally-formed cavern, as in the King and Queen rocks. To those who love the sea at all times, as we confess we ourselves do, that part of the coast which includes Flamborough Head and the King and Queen rocks is especially attractive.


KING AND QUEEN ROCKS, FLAMBOROUGH.


FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

THE CHEMICAL WORKS, DIGLIS, WORCESTER.

Strangers have been rendered familiar with these works by the large lithographed views at the railway stations on the Great Western, Midland, and other railways; whilst the tall chimney-stack (150 feet high) has rendered the establishment equally well-known to the citizens of Worcester. At the extreme end of the works is a building known as the Sulphur Burning House, where brown acid and oil of vitriol are made. Here are contained several burners from which the sulphurous and nitrous gases are conveyed into the vitriol chamber above. The "burners" (or ovens, untechnically speaking) are in reality iron beds, with flues at the top—the gases travelling up a chimney-stack into the chamber alluded to. At many works pyrites (firestones) are used, being less expensive—consequently less efficacious—than sulphur, which alone is used in Messrs. Webb's manufactory. Pyrites, as need hardly be said, contain impure substances, whereas a much better acid is made from sulphur. Into the iron beds or burners the sulphur is thrown; the sulphurous and nitrous gases commingle, and then, travelling to the chamber at the top, are condensed, forming sulphuric acid. The brown acid is then drawn from the chamber at a certain specific gravity, boiled down in a leaden boiling pan to a specific gravity of 17.50, and for oil of vitriol is drawn into glass retorts and rectified to 18.50, the highest specific gravity. At the end of the vitrol chamber are two large columns for the purpose of condensing the weak gases which leave the chamber: thus is prevented any escape of gases into the stack. The gas that is not condensed travels down a pipe and then finds its way again to the chamber from the condensing columns; by which means not only is a saving to the manufacturers effected, but a nuisance is prevented. There large quantities of phosphates are dissolved for the manufacture of chemical manures. We next visited a shed where the bones and shoddy are steamed. The bones are placed in a large steam-tight receiver, and the "steaming" process is performed by a pipe in connection with the main pipe of a boiler. Before, however, the bones are put in the tank to be steamed, they are picked over by hand and made quite clean. After the steaming process the bones are taken to another part of the yard, and put in a heap, where they lie until perfectly dry and until such time as they may be required for grinding. Whilst some portion of the bones is procured from the dealers in the neighbourhood, many cargoes are imported direct from South America by the Messrs. Webb. In the spring the sheds are filled with foreign and English bones, of which there was a good quantity on the day of our visit. Those which come from abroad are principally the bones of bullocks and oxen, and comprise the large leg-bones and blade-bones. English bones contain, besides their chief constituent phosphate of lime, a little nitrogen, of which the American bones are devoid on account of their lying about so long and being calcined, by which the nitrogen is driven from them. But the South American bones are very valuable as containing phosphate of lime; and the reader will not perhaps object to be reminded of what a good many are ignorant of—that the chief constituent of bones is phosphate of lime, producing by the action of sulphuric acid biphosphate of lime, or bone-earth made oluble. After getting a thorough drying, the bones, which are to play such an important part hereafter in the hands of the farmer, are sent to the grinding mill, which is powerful enough to grind 20 tons a day. As the bones fall from the steam mill they are riddled into dust, into half-inch, and into quarter-inch bones. When the bones are ground, they are ready to fulfil their part of the contract by fertilising the land. Besides this mill, there are others for grinding bones or bone-ash—the "stones" of which are similar to those used in flour-mills. Here a large quantity of bones are ground every day; very few "half-inch" bones (that is, bones cut into pieces of that size) are used now, the farmers and others preferring the superphosphate, the manufacture of which is an important feature at the Diglis Works.

The bone-superphosphates are manufactured in a large dissolving room adjoining the engine house; but as it has been found necessary to make extensions and improvements in this, as well as in other, departments, Messrs. Webb have erected new shafting and other machinery to enable them to meet the growing demands in this branch of their business. On the morning of our visit workmen were busy loading waggons in the large yard close by with the "combined" manure—a new chemical manure introduced by Messrs. Webb six years ago. When the bone-phosphates are ground to powder, they are put into a large vat—an "elevator" (a most useful appliance) working them to an upper floor, from whence they are passed down a shaft into what are called the dissolving vats; and then taken to different parts of the yard by a small line of rails. When vitriol is required to be placed in the dissolving vats, air-pumps are called into service, and labour is economised by machinery.

Amongst the most interesting machines we met with were the disintegrators, which are constructed of iron, and contain four cages—two working one way and two another way. These machines are used for reducing hard lumps of superphosphate to the finest powder. They are driven by steam power, and when in motion revolve at great speed, tearing the clods to the finest particles. Before the introduction of the disintegrator the labour of pulverization must have been very great, and long after its introduction it was hand-fed; the proprietors, however, have carried out extensive improvements within the last two or three years, mechanical as well as scientific; the disintegrator, instead of the tardy and laborious process of hand-feeding, is now fed by machinery; and the finished manures are bagged up and delivered into the hands of the packers by machines constructed for the purpose.

The most effective means of conveying the gases, which *will* accumulate, from the dissolving vats into an immense "bucket," are employed: and here it may be mentioned that in this department Messrs. Webb consulted the first analytical chemists in the kingdom. The opinion of those gentlemen led Messrs. Webb to lay down pipes from the vats to take away the gases (which would otherwise escape along the flues into the chimney and cause a nuisance) into and through fires which render them innoxious, and at the same time transform what would otherwise be a disagreeable employment for the men engaged in this department into one of which not even the most fastidious person could complain; the same remark applies in connection with the "steaming" of bones, and the manufacture of sulphate of ammonia.

In the rectification of acids to oil of vitriol (sp. gr. 18.50) when the acid is boiled down it is drawn through leaden pipes into retorts, and the weak acid which passes off into the furnaces is condensed through columns filled with coke. To those who can stand with patience a temperature varying from 100 to 120 deg., we would strongly recommend a visit to the "furnace fires," many of which were blazing in a manner that would almost have taken the skin off a red Indian. The glass retorts were placed over the furnaces for the rectifying purposes above mentioned. The process is a very peculiar one to carry out, and requires great experience and sound judgment, only to be obtained by long practice and attention. When rectified, the acid is drawn off into earthenware jowls, and after cooling is put into ten-gallon carboys for removal.

Since the works were first built great alterations and improvements have from time to time been effected, Messrs. Webb have availed themselves of the most recent appliances that engineering skill has devised to facilitate the mechanical operations and lessen the cost of production. In reducing the raw materials they apply the best discoveries that science has hitherto brought to the aid of the manufacturer, whilst their long practical experience with all the known fertilizers enables them to supply the consumer with that which is most suitable for any description of soil or crop. The Messrs. Webb are themselves practical analysts; they place the laboratory and the factory side by side, unite theory with practice, and verify every hypothesis in the one by the test of the other. It must always be a manifest advantage for a manufacturing chemist to be able to determine at once the exact nature of every constituent employed, and the benefit arising from this position acquires a double force when the chemist works for the agriculturist, because the latter is seldom or never able to determine for himself the nature of the chemical fertilisers he applies to his land, and must therefore be largely dependent upon the judgment of the manufacturer, or call in the aid of another analytical chemist, as an independent source of reliable information.

This firm was established in 1841, and has a high character for commercial probity as well as for the excellence of its manufactures. As regards the combined manure above referred to, the testimony of the highest professional men in the world of chemistry, and the rapidly increasing demand for it, show the high appreciation in which it is held. We believe Messrs. Webb are rendering good service to the trade generally in which they are engaged, and doing much to make the chemical manure trade what it must ultimately become—viz., a highly scientific branch of our national industry. At the time we write the extension of business imperatively demands an enlargement of the manufactory, and the firm contemplate such additions as shall make the Diglis Works second to none in the district. Better situated no factory could be. In front is the Severn, and on the other sides are the canal and a tributary, so that barges can come alongside and discharge or receive their cargoes with the least possible labour or delay. Built immediately at the confluence of the canal with the Severn, these works possess all the advantages of an inland port, and are relieved from long and costly carriage for both the raw materials and finished goods.

In closing our notice of the Chemical Manure Works at Diglis, we may add that independently of the various chemical manures manufactured for every description of soil and crop, Messrs. Webb have been largely engaged in the guano trade for a period of twenty-eight years, importing many cargoes direct from Bolivia. To the fertilising properties of this manure numerous agriculturists in this and adjoining counties can testify. It may also be stated that guano was first introduced in this district by the firm of Messrs. Webb. Our Illustration (page 140) represents the exterior of the Manufactory, with Worcester Cathedral in the distance.

It is announced that the manufacture of the cable for the West India and Panama Telegraph Company is making rapid progress, a sufficient quantity having been already made to connect Jamaica with Cuba.

Notwithstanding Mr. Gladstone's letter, the amnesty mass meetings were repeated at Cork on Sunday. The mob gathering in that county was at Carrigaline, eight miles from the city, the city contingent being conveyed by railway train. There were bands, banners, and party rosettes as usual. The chair was taken by a Roman Catholic parish priest. Ex-mayor O'Sullivan was the prominent orator. Mr. Gladstone was denounced. All future legislation was repudiated until the prisoners are released.

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THE CAMP AT WIMBLEDON, 1869.

Extract of Medical Report on the Wimbledon Meeting.

The general health of the camp has been unprecedentally satisfactory, and bears a remarkably favourable comparison with the results of last year, when the admissions for diseases supposed to be incidental to camp life were more numerous on one single day than they have been this year throughout the whole meeting.

The sanitary arrangements of the camp have been very rigidly supervised, and I am still of opinion that the earth-closet system has again proved most successful; and that it is the only efficient and reliable method, when properly carried out; the severe test to which, during the two past meetings it has been subjected affords, I venture to think, a tolerably fair ground for deduction.

JOHN WYATT, Surgeon-Major, and
Surgeon to the National Rifle Association.

From the Times, July 17.

The Earth Closet system was tried again this year, and with the most satisfactory results. Had there been a failure anywhere, it must have been felt yesterday, when the temperature was by far the highest of any day during the present meeting.

From the Daily News. July 10.

The health of the Camp is marvellously good. Out of the 2,530 men whom the Association have in their books —of whom, be it said, but 1,277 are volunteers—there are but four cases of diarrhœa, and but 17 men on the doctor's books at all. None of these are serious cases, and the admirable working of the Earth Closets, concerning which Captain Drake reported so favourably last year, is again of the highest service. Thanks to them, none of the inconveniences and dangers arising from suddenly transporting a large body of men to live and sleep in an open country can occur, and the effect is shown by the smallness of the doctor's list.

From the Pall Mall Gazette, July 19.

The latrinal arrangements have again been most satisfactory.

From the British Medical Journal, July 17.

The health of the Camp this year has hitherto been excellent. A few cases of diarrhœa, an occasional case of slight exhaustion from fatigue, exposure to the sun, or perhaps the little follies of the previous day, have been about all to engage the attention of the surgeons in camp. The cool mornings and evenings, and the refreshing breeze which has almost daily blown across the Common, have no doubt contributed much to the satisfactory bill of health; but the improved water-supply, the more effective Earth Closets, the greater and more varied hygienic precautions taken by the Volunteers, and the general improvement in the sanitary arrangements of the Camp, have every reason to claim a favourable hearing.

From the Observer, July 25.

It is gratifying to state that the medical statistics of the Camp show a less amount of sickness than was ever previously known, there being but a few, and those very unimportant, cases of diarrhœa brought under notice of the medical staff at any time during the fortnight. This favourable circumstance is attributable to the adoption of the Dry Earth system, which, even on the very hottest days with which the Camp was visited, prevented the emission of unpleasant odours.

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JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

Derby, October, 1869. [208

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L'HOMME QUI RIT and the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

The "Times" Reviewer.

Victor Hugo is a great French writer; he is also a great French democrat . . . . "L'Homme qui Rit" (the analogous translation of which would be "The Grinning Man" is, then, the son of a banished Scotch peer, to whom Victor Hugo gives the delightful name of Lord Linnæus Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville (also Marquis of Corleone, in Sicily), and whose country seats are severally named Corleone Lodge, Gumdraith, Homble, Moricambe, Trenwardraith, Hell-Kerters, Pillinmore, and Vinecaunton, on the mountain Moil-eulli, wherever that mountain may be. He was not always a grinning man, or a grinning boy. He was altered in his childhood by kidnappers called Comprachicos, or buyers of children. To these miscreants Victor Hugo attributes, not the minor wickedness of the Gipsy tribe, familiar to us in old nursery stories, i.e., staining the faces of pretty little flaxen-haired lords and ladies with brown walnut juice to make them appear members of their own family, but the heinous sin of cutting and disfiguring their miserable little victims till each resembled "Nobody's Child." . . . . Hence the title of Victor Hugo's book, "The Grinning Man." These customs and habits of the Comprachicos are not the only customs and habits which amaze us as being stated to be prevalent in England a hundred and eighty years ago. . . . . It is, after all, and in spite of all, a book to be read, if only as one of the "curiosities of literature." . . . . With this last quoted scene we part from Victor Hugo, and we do so in no unfriendly spirit. Much should be forgiven to the author of a chapter which few can read without tears."—Oct. 14.

The Translator.

In the criticism of Victor Hugo's new novel, published by you on Thursday, there is a remark on the English translation which strikes me as made rather hastily, and on which you will perhaps allow me to say a word or two. In the first place, not more than a fourth part of the translation has been published as yet, and therefore it is premature to pronounce upon it as a whole. Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, and Co. have spared no pains to secure that the work shall be well done; and I have not the least doubt that when complete it will be acknowledged as of uncommon merit.—Oct. 16.

The "Times" Reviewer.

My argument is that this work, in its totality and as a correct transcript, can never be given in an English version to the reading public . . . . Already the cautious translator has had to omit a portion of the list of "clubs" supposed to be popular in the reign of Queen Anne. He has had to omit the thoroughly French remarks on the innocent slumbers of the two forlorn children of opposite sexes in the caravan theatre belonging to the juggler Ursus. He has had to leave out sentence after sentence in the descriptions of "Josiane," though there yet remain some which verge on the unreadable. . . . So far, so good. It is right that he should do so. But it is not translating Victor Hugo.

. . . . I have no doubt the magazine published by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans will contain ample entertainment for the immense circle of readers it deserves to find, and always does find, and though the current numbers may give a version of the story of "L'Homme qui Rit, or The Grinning Man," as part of such entertainment, it will not contain a real translation of the singular and revolting work issued by Victor Hugo, for reasons on which, in spite of apparent divergence of opinion, Mr. Dallas and I are perfectly agreed—namely, that it would be "impossible to put forth" any such translation.—Oct. 18.

The Translator.

Victor Hugo's new novel is being translated into nearly every European language. In the face of all Europe your critic comes forward to declare that it is impossible to translate him, and that in these promised translations, foreigners will find the outline of the story, but not the spirit of the writer. It is surely hard, when publishers have gone to enormous expense, and have taken the greatest pains to put an acceptable version of the new novel before the immense public who are interested in every line which falls from Victor Hugo's pen, that a critic, endued with all the authority of your journal, should, before any translation is ready, decry the attempt at one as vain and impossible, His argument is nothing more than this—that the translation must fall short of the original. But this is a weakness common to all translations. Who ever heard of a translation that could match the original? It is true that some passages in the new novel must be omitted; that some sentences must be veiled; and that some idioms and turns of thought will suffer in the process of transmutation. But why, unless for the love of sweeping remarks, need a critic on that account go on to prejudice the expectant public against a translation of Victor Hugo by declaring in effect that nothing which English publishers dare offer by way of translation can be accepted as such? Surely, this is going too far, and your critic, if, led away by a preconceived theory, he cannot agree with me that the translation which is now appearing conveys, in spite of all shortcomings, much of the spirit of Victor Hugo, may allow that it has at least some merit—not much; just a little—beyond that of giving the story.—Oct. 19.

The Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine.

The criticism of the leading journal, if not altogether just, is remarkably clever. None the less so is the reply of Mr. E. S. Dallas in defence of the translation. There is only one point upon which we desire to offer a word. The *Reviewer* says there are portions of the story which can never be given in an English version to the reading public. It was a similar remark in the *Athenæum,* four months ago, which drew from the Editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* a public explanation:—

"Your review of the above work (L'Homme qui Rit) is calculated to alarm certain readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine,* which is publishing the authorised English translation of Victor Hugo's new novel. One class may fear a mutilation of the original story; another see grounds to dread a literal translation. . . . . The story will not be mutilated. It will simply be condensed. . . . . The magazine reader will be glad to have the work brought within manageable compass. . . . . Whatever may be done with the romance in the course of republication, I can see no difficulty in the way of presenting the readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine* with a truthful and highly-finished English version of 'L'Homme qui Rit,' which shall in no wise be offensive to any lady or gentleman in the land."—Ed. *G. M.*

This explanation, made in June, will guide and influence us to the last chapter of the great Frenchman's latest and most remarkable work.—The *Gentleman's Magazine* for November.

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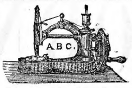

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The POLARIAN, ABYSSINIAN, JERBOA, FUR SEAL, LAMBSKIN, NEWFOUNDLAND CURL, & EGYPTIAN CLOTHS,
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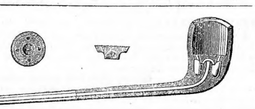

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Office and Sales Room of the Company—
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BLACK SILKS, Deep and Half Mourning Dresses of Every Description.
SHAWLS, MANTLES, BONNETS, CAPS, and all kinds of Mourning Fancy Goods.
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ALWAYS IN TUNE.
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"The American Organ has arrived in perfect order; I never met with an instrument so near perfection."

From Mrs. Warren Peacock.
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I am quite satisfied with my American Organ, and think it charming—far superior to any Harmonium.
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WHITE ROSE, a most delicate odour.
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AMBERGRIS, more rare than gold.
VIOLET and ORANGE, for Weddings.
KISS-ME-QUICK, always sweet.
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Single Samples,
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GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.
The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills."

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